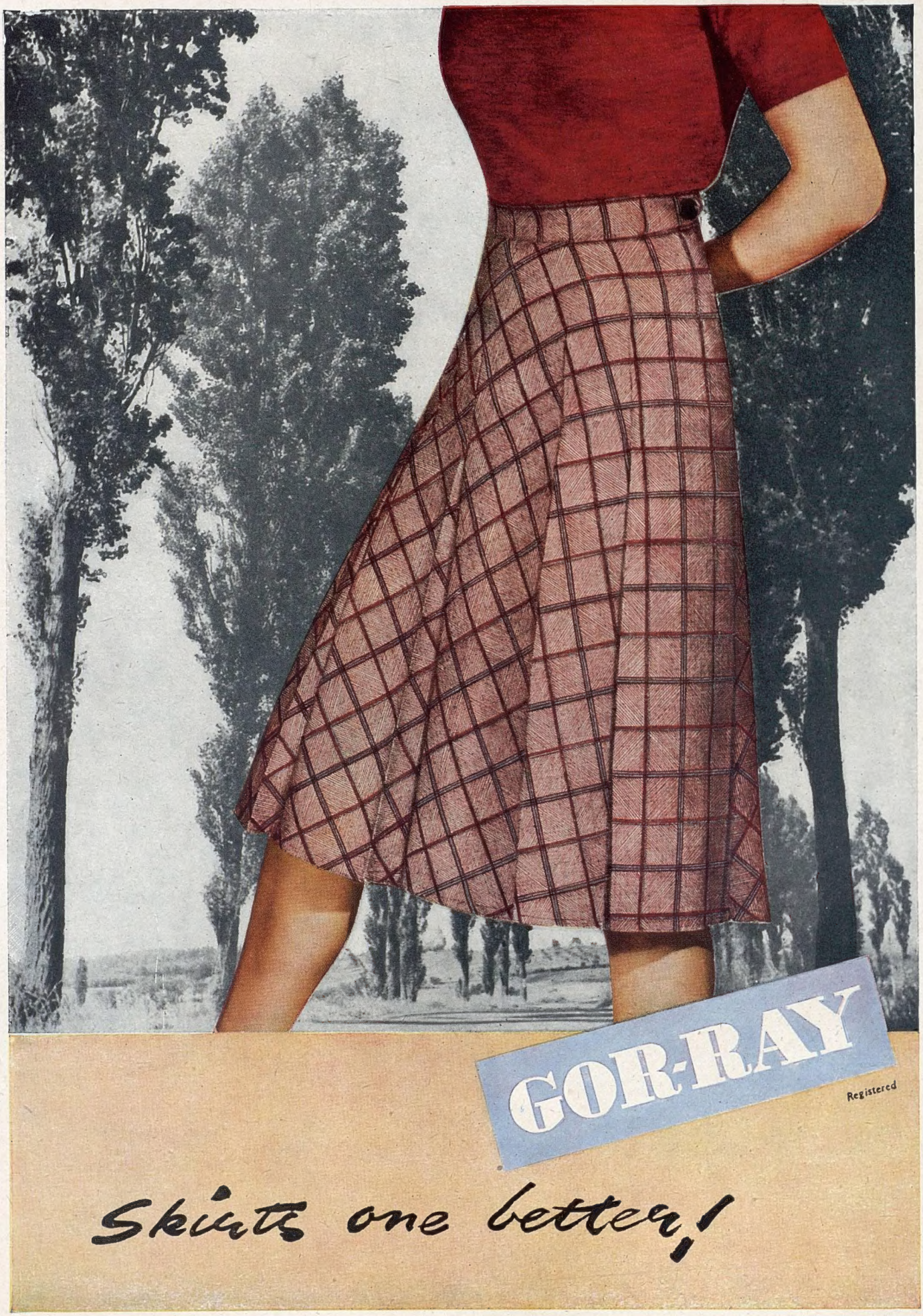
BRITANNIA and EVE

NOVEMBER
1947

RICHARD MASSIE
BARRY PEROWNE
FERDINAND TUOHY
JANE GORDON
"HISTORICAL ROMANCES" BY JACK MATTHEW

1/6

WITH COMPLETE HOME AND FASHION SECTIONS



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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 35, No. 5 NOVEMBER, 1947

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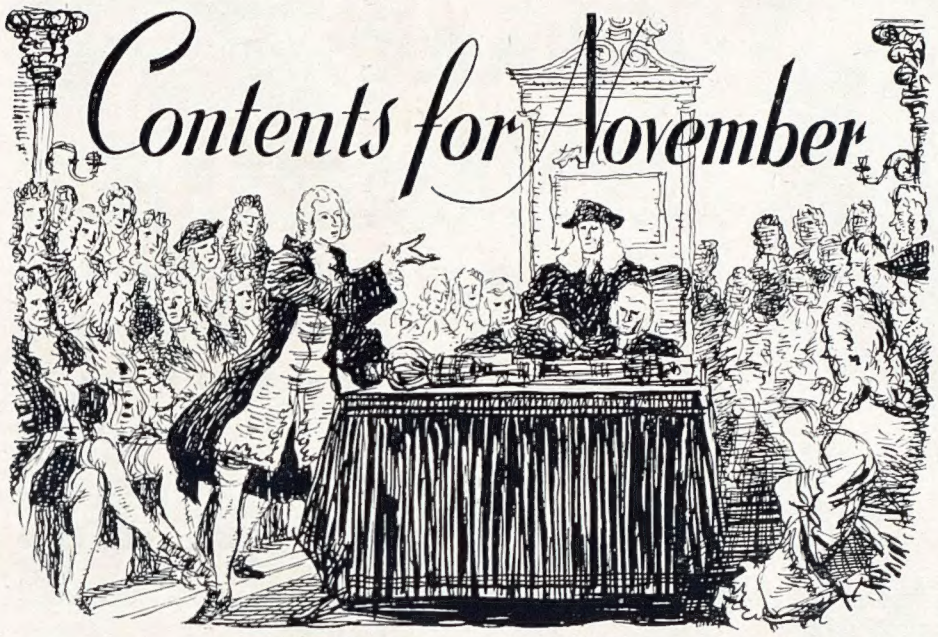

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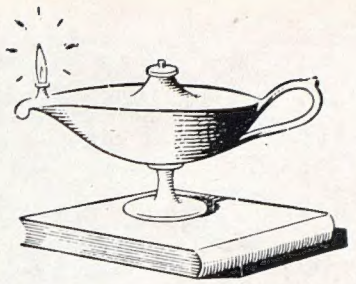

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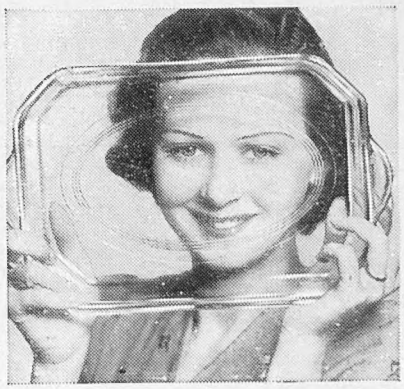

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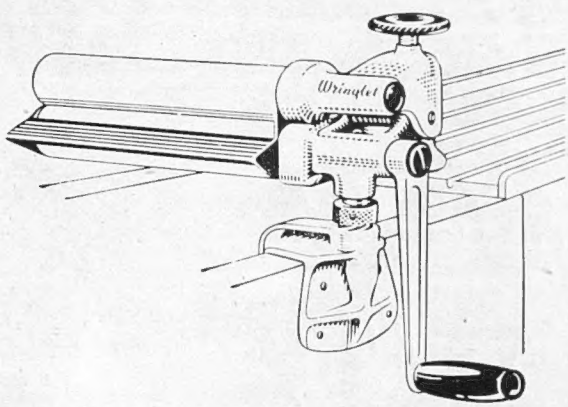

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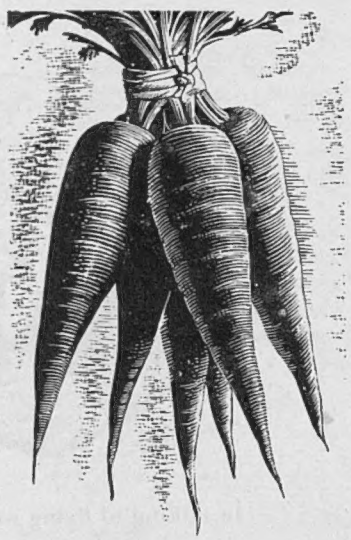

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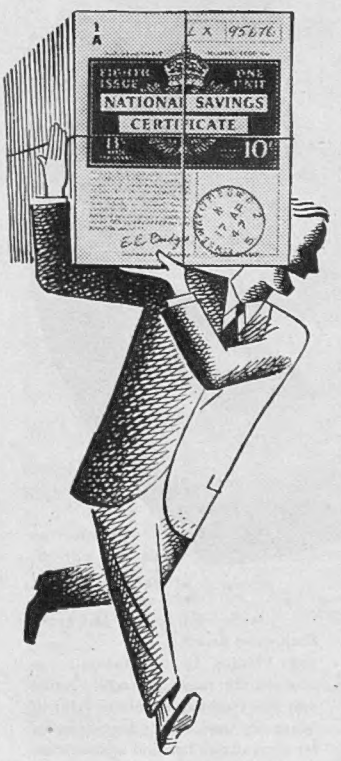

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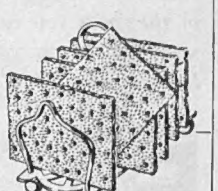

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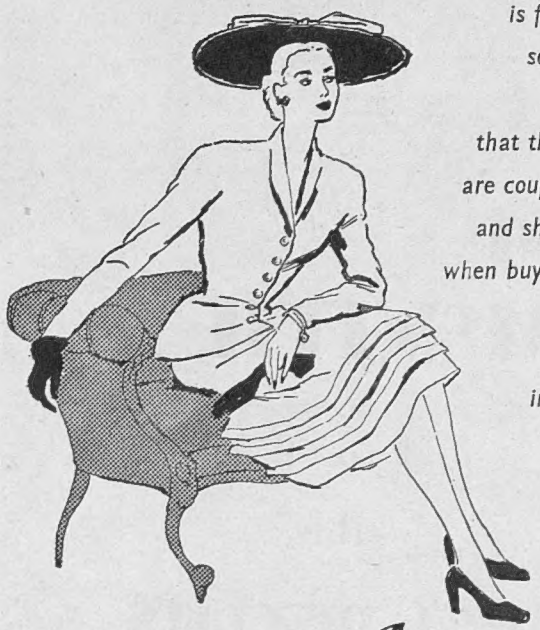
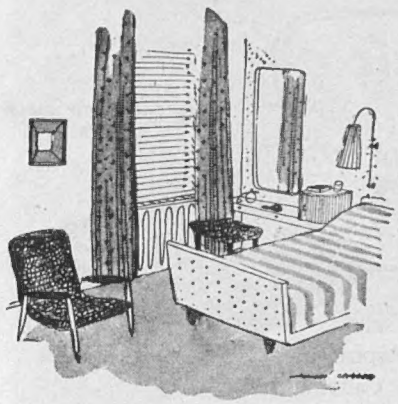


Aristoc

ARISTOCRAT OF STOCKINGS



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If you are expecting a baby

The popular phrase "eating for two" contains some truth in it, but it doesn't mean just eating more. Your extras should come from among the body-building foods, and those rich in vitamins. This is quite simple if you make a point of taking all your own rations, plenty of green vegetables and salads—and *your special priority foods* right from the time you know Baby is on the way. Which are your priorities and how do you get them?

Orange Juice and Cod Liver Oil or Vitamin A & D Tablets

These are not medicines, but vitamin-rich foods in a form easy and pleasant to take. You need them both, not only to keep yourself generally fit and to build resistance to infection but to help Baby develop the foundations of good health, sturdy bones and a fine set of teeth.

MILK In addition to your ordinary allowance, you are entitled to an extra pint of milk a day, at a reduced price or free in certain circumstances. Milk is the finest "all-round" food there is, and is rich in material to build Baby's sturdy body and in growth-promoting vitamins.

EGGS You are entitled to an extra shell egg on each allocation, and one packet of dried egg free of points each 8-week period. Eggs are another food that are rich in body-building nourishment and protective vitamins.

MEAT A half-ration of meat a week in addition to your ordinary ration adds to the body-building food you need for the sturdy growth and development of Baby and yourself for keeping fit.

BREAD You have two extra B.U.'s a week. Our present bread is rich in iron and in B vitamins.

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How to get your Priorities

As soon as you know Baby is coming, get a certificate from your doctor, midwife or health visitor. Take it to the Food Office, and you will receive a special Grey Ration Book (RBT). Use this book at your usual shops for your extra milk, meat, eggs and oranges. It also contains coupons for your orange juice and vitamin tablets, which you get from a distribution centre—your Food Office will tell you your nearest one. (Expectant mothers who applied before August 1st, can still use the *Green* Ration Book they received.)

When Baby is Born

The Grey Ration Book must now be handed back to the Food Office, but you will get a full green Ration Book for Baby and you will be able to get your own vitamin A & D tablets for 30 weeks after Baby is born.

Ask your Food Office

If there is anything else you want to know, don't hesitate to ask your local Food Office—it's there to help you!

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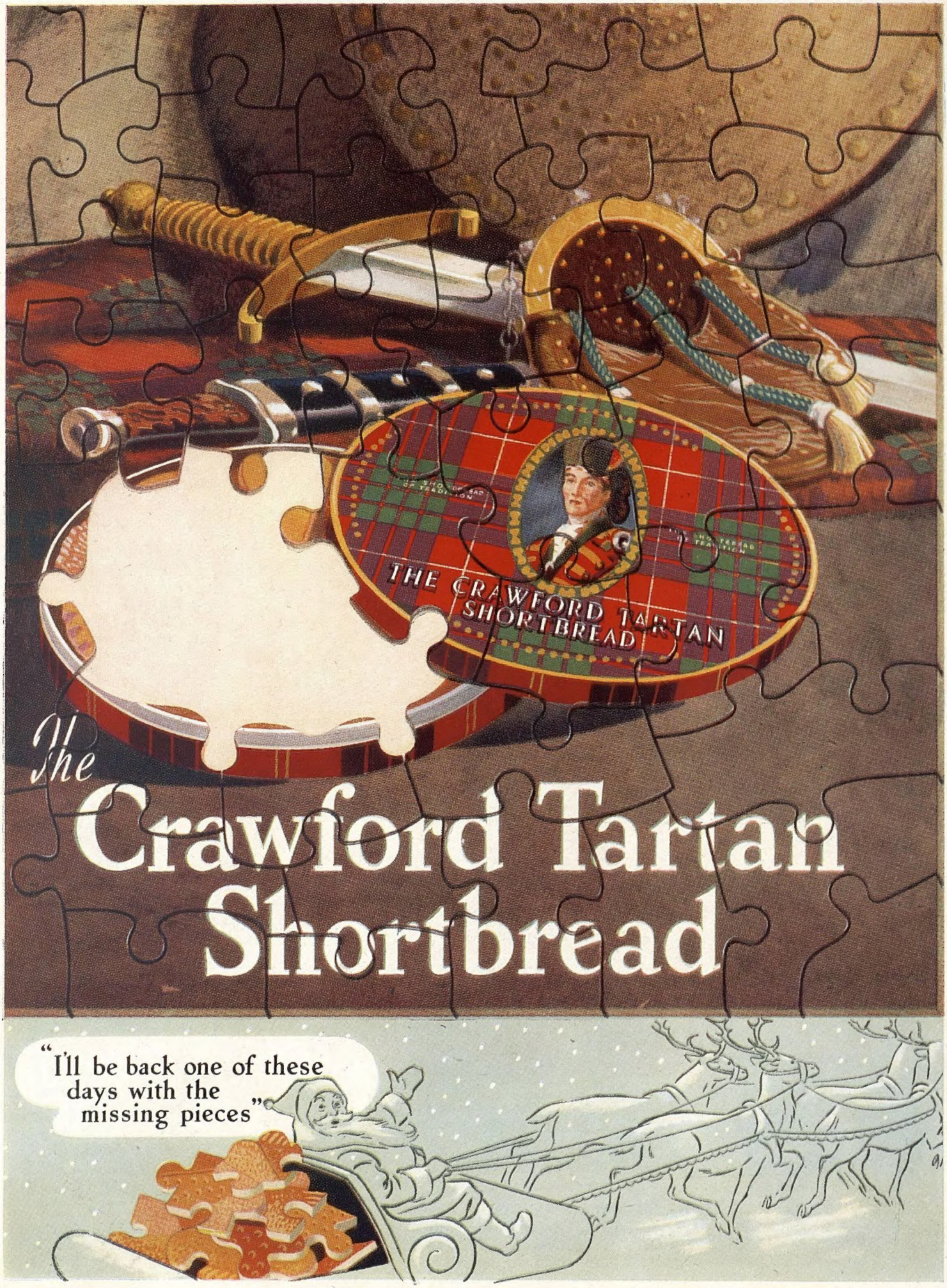
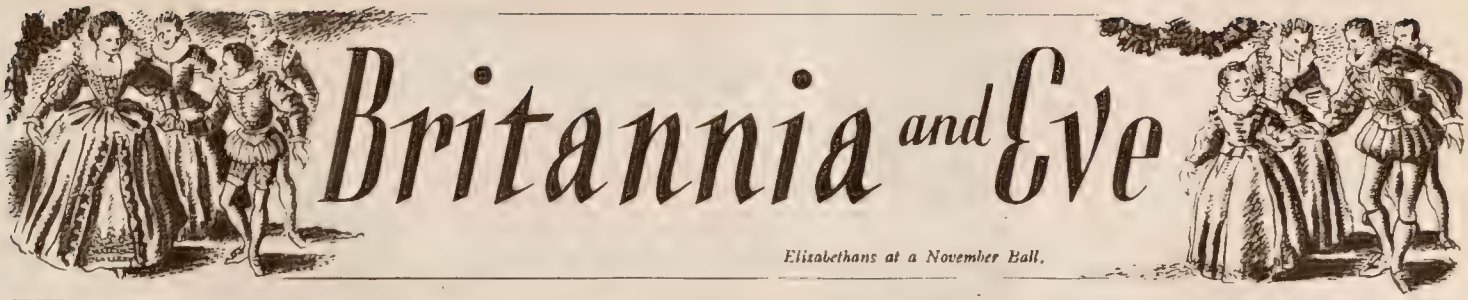


The **Crawford Tartan Shortbread**



Elizabethans at a November Ball.

They brought him a handbag, some trinkets, and an expensive watch. He touched the winder and said, "It is half-wound, but it is ten minutes slow"

The Inspector is Discreet

A Short Story by Vernon Frost

HE was a dark little man in a dark, neat suit. His eyes were brown olives set in yellowed gelatine and matched the dun-coloured land of desert and sluggish rivers where he had been born. They were the eyes of a people who had seen the rise and fall of the Chaldeans, the Hittites, the Assyrians and the Babylonians, and still watched curiously the coming and going of other Empires. He was nervous, and carefully adjusted his tie before knocking on the door lettered boldly with the name, "H. J. ELLSWORTH," and below it, in Arabic and English, "Chief Inspector, Criminal Investigation Department."

As he opened the door he was wondering why the Government of Iraq gave the appointment to an Englishman. He said, "Chafik J. Chafik, sir. Inspector, C.I.D.", and was confused by his own words, because Ellsworth knew he was Chafik J. Chafik just as well as he knew the street outside was Al-Rashid Street, Baghdad. The big man behind the desk looked up and said in a weary voice, "Oh, sit down, Chafik. I suppose you know about the murder at Jenub last night?"

The little man repeated rapidly in precise English, "Case 703. Miriam, daughter of Ali ibn Ali Aziz, of Basrah. Found at 4 a.m. on the river path outside the garden of Mr. Ronald Stewart. Dead several hours. No violation or robbery." He smiled ingratiatingly and added, "Yes, sir. The report is on my desk."

"It's an awkward business," Ellsworth said. "She was, of course, his mistress."

"A common possession in Baghdad," Chafik said. "I can list the men——"

The Chief Inspector interrupted hastily. "That's enough. The Ambassador takes a dim view of scandal. Stewart is English, and——"

"Excuse me," Chafik said, "but only his passport is British. He is three-quarters Armenian, although he resembles his grandfather, who came here in 1893. The red-haired Scotch blood is strong, but he is Armenian." He regretted speaking when Ellsworth hit the desk and shouted, "How many times have I told you to be careful with these people? Dammit, Chafik, the man's protected by the Embassy, and any complaint there comes back on my head!" The rumble of the big man's voice filled the room.

Chafik, perched on the edge of a chair, nervously twisted his *sidar*, the black forage-cap worn by Moslem Iraqis. He said anxiously, "Yes, yes. It is correct, sir. I should not consider Mr. Stewart's ancestry. If you will brief me concerning the death of his mistress——"

"I've interviewed Stewart," Ellsworth said, and added, with the beginning of a new rumble, "It was better for me to tackle him, considering he's British." He waited a moment and then went on: "The man's story is simple. There was trouble with the girl's father, who claimed he was disgraced and wanted compensation. He came up from Basrah to see his daughter. Stewart gave her fifty dinars and she arranged to meet her father on the river bank at the back of the house at eleven-thirty. Stewart went to the Alwiyah Club at ten o'clock and stayed there until two, drinking. I've checked that, and I saw him myself in the bar before midnight. His alibi is sound, except for a brief period, when he says he left the bar and walked in the grounds to cool off. He doesn't remember what time it was, but when I saw him he was coming through the door——"

"Before midnight?"

"Yes," said the Chief Inspector. "Don't start checking on me. I'd just looked at the clock. It was 11.52. . . . When Stewart got home the girl hadn't returned, and he thought she was still with her father. He confesses he was drunk and went to bed, where his butler found him when the police called." Ellsworth looked at his notes and added, "I asked if the girl had a previous lover. He says not."

"No," Chafik said. "He was the first, and last."

"You've got a mind like a card-index," Ellsworth rumbled. "What do you know of the father?"

"Ali ibn Ali Aziz," recited Chafik. "Race, Arab. No occupation. A drunkard. Convicted at Basrah in 1945 of

doing injury by stabbing. Sentence, two months——"

Ellsworth shrugged. "It looks like a clear case. I suppose he was full of *arak* and killed his daughter because of some twisted idea of family-honour. You ought to be able to pick him up easily."

"He cannot escape, sir. That is all?" The little man stood, and Ellsworth thought, "He's like a terrier straining at the leash. A damn good officer . . ." Aloud he said, "That's all, except for one thing. The Ambassador doesn't like to hear of British nationals mixed up with the Iraqi police. You must be very careful with Mr. Stewart."

"I have heard," Chafik said, "that his temper is like his hair. I will be discreet, sir." When he was outside Ellsworth's door he murmured, "So I must be discreet with an Armenian, O merciful God!" He went to his office and touched the bell on his desk.

Inspector Chafik said to tall, gaunt Sergeant Abdullah, "The little matter of the Armenian's woman which we have already discussed. Is there any report yet of the father?"

"We have searched the brothels," Abdullah said, "and the other dens where men befuddle themselves with *arak*. His description is fully circulated and the gates of Baghdad are closed. But there are many ditches into which he may have fallen. Or the river," he added hopefully.

"The river is better than the scaffold," agreed Chafik. He took a case from his pocket and handed the Sergeant a cigarette. They bowed over the lighted match and Abdullah politely touched his forehead with the tips of his curved fingers. He asked, "The morgue first, sir?"

"Yes. Bodies are disgusting things, but it is God's will they exist."

INSPECTOR CHAFIK followed the Sergeant down the stairs and stood for a moment in the narrow doorway, smelling the sourness of Al-Rashid Street, where desert Bedouin rubbed shoulders with sleek city *effendi*, and arabanas pulled by dying horses mingled with the taxis and fine new cars. The dirt of the street disturbed him, and for a fleeting moment he wondered how Baghdad had looked in the ancient days. It sprawled now, vast and brown and ugly, along the banks of the same Tigris, but the palaces and rose-gardens were gone, and mean streets crowded shabby modern houses smeared with the dust of sandstorms.

Ali ibn Ali Aziz raised his manacled hands in a helpless, resigned gesture. "I did not kill her," he said, tears of self-pity rolling down his yellow cheeks. "All I know is the skies fell and I found her dead"

At the morgue he viewed the body. The girl had been very young and quite pretty. Chafik studied the gaping wound in the throat and said to Sergeant Abdullah, "The killer slashed from behind and she had no chance to turn. Swift and clean. There will be no blood on him, except perhaps the hand that held the knife." He turned away and said, "Show me her possessions."

They brought him a handbag, some trinkets, and an expensive watch. In the bag was a bundle of dinar notes. He counted them carefully and said, "The money the Armenian gave her for her father." He picked up the watch and held it to his ear. He touched the winder and said, "It is half-wound, but it is ten minutes slow. This is a fine Swiss watch and should not be slow. Take it to a watchmaker and have the mechanism checked." He stood back and wiped his fingers fastidiously. "She was pregnant," he said, looking again at the body on the slab. He pulled the cuffs over his thin wrists and repeated in a worried voice, "Pregnant. Abdullah, how does a father kill a daughter who has disgraced him?"

The Sergeant answered, "Usually with a thrust in the stomach."

"These people have primitive passions," Chafik said. "They centre their anger on the source of the disgrace.

To cut a throat neatly requires coolness unconnected with passion." He sighed and added, "Now we will go to the scene of the crime. The mind works best by routine."

THEY drove out to the Jenub district. Here were the houses of the rich merchants, set in gardens bright with flowers. The dark green of the date palms was a restful background and the great river embraced it all in a cool loop.

A constable was posted at the back of Stewart's house, where there was a path along the top of the embankment which held back the Tigris during the spring floods. Now, the river was low, with hard mud and grey sand between the water and the bank. Trees shaded the path by the gate in the garden wall.

The policeman ordered away a band of children, who were naked under their ragged gowns. He showed Chafik where the body had been found. "Here is her blood," he said, pushing the crowding children with the butt of his carbine.

Chafik looked briefly. He took money from his pocket and threw it to the children. "Go buy sweetmeats," he said, and as they fled with shouts of joy he added softly, "A small bribe is often more effective than a threat." His dun-coloured eyes searched the ground between the gate in the wall and the bank of the river. He bent to examine some dark sand

scattered over the dirty white dust and gravel of the path. Rubbing a pinch of it between his fingers, he said to Sergeant Abdullah, " It is still damp. From where does it come ? "

" The river, sir."

" The river," Chafik repeated. " Did the children bring it here for their play ? " He looked at the constable, who answered, " I have been here since the body was found. The children did not play with sand."

Sergeant Abdullah said, " If they played here yesterday the sand would be dry."

The Inspector lit a cigarette and for some minutes remained silent, while the Sergeant and the constable regarded him respectfully. Finally he said, " This is a land of sand, but God willed it there should be many types, each in its proper place." He threw away the cigarette with a gesture and said, " I will go now and talk with the Armenian."

THE house was large, with high, cool rooms handsomely furnished. The Inspector's feet sank into thick Isfahan carpets as he followed the white-robed butler to Stewart's study. As he entered the room he touched his *sidar* in a courteous salaam. He said to the burly, red-haired man who sat at a desk covered with papers, " Please excuse me calling, sir. But I was near by and thought——"

" What the devil can I tell you other than what I 've told Ellsworth ? " asked Stewart. His manner was irritable and slightly contemptuous. " I can give you five minutes," he said.

As Chafik looked at him he almost doubted his own records. Stewart had the appearance of a typical Scot. He had the fair skin which burned and flaked in the sun. His big hands were freckled and the backs were matted with red-gold hairs, fine as silk. He was handsome, but there was a puffiness about his eyes which came from over-indulgence, Chafik thought. He has even inherited his grandfather's capacity for drink, but, unlike the old trader, he lives soft . . . And shaking his head he wondered a little at

Illustrations by Frank Lea.

the strange race created by the phlegmatic Northerners who had settled in Iraq and married the volatile daughters of the Armenian merchants.

" Well ? What d'you want to know ? " Stewart asked. He had not invited Chafik to sit down, and the little man stood, shifting from one foot to the other and smiling nervously. " Excuse me, but it is such a personal question," the Inspector said. " Did you know the girl was pregnant ? "

Stewart stood up. He was over six feet and his heavy build reminded Chafik of the water-buffaloes that wallowed in the Tigris mud. His temper was equally unpredictable and the question fired it like a charge of dynamite. " Damn you ! " Stewart shouted. " Isn't there any privacy in this town ? "

Chafik said, " Please, please ! It is so awkward for me to have to ask questions of British people——"

" Yes," the red-haired man said. " And you 'd better be careful if you want to keep your job. I 've only got to complain to the Embassy." He sat down and added brusquely, " Of course I knew she was pregnant. It was obvious, dammit ! "

" So unfortunate——"

" What the hell d'you mean by that ? " The bloodshot eyes swivelled. " It 's obvious to anybody Miriam's father killed her. You Iraqis always go off half-cock. Haven't you caught him yet ? "

Impatiently Stewart began to open and close the drawers of his desk. There was an automatic pistol in the right-hand drawer. He was closing the drawer when Chafik said, " We will find him, sir . . . but I am not sure of his guilt."

The drawer with the gun remained half-open as Stewart asked, " Why ? "

" The money you gave her had not been taken, sir. She wore an expensive watch and bracelets. Surely he would have taken them all ? And why was the watch slow ? " He stopped and gave an apologetic laugh. " Excuse me. It is very bad the way I speak my thoughts, but I am puzzled about the watch. Now I will go." He went to the door and turned to say ingratiatingly, " Is it true your wife returns from England in a few weeks ? "

" What 's that got to do with it ? "

" She was in England when the war began. It was the war that stopped her return ? "

The red-haired man's anger mounted again. He shouted, " You know damn well it was the war ! "

Chafik bowed his sleek head meekly. " If the child had been born," he said; " I am sure Mrs. Stewart would have cared for it as her own. Such a pity ! " He was out of the house before Stewart could reply, smiling as he remembered the strong-jawed Englishwoman the man had married. To Sergeant Abdullah he said, " The Armenian is very angry."

(*Continued on page* 48)

Not until the body of the red-haired man had finished floundering across the desk did Chafik get up

Guy Fawkes— And Others

By John Williams

NO one would deny that the Gunpowder Plot was the most spectacular of all its kind, but it is strange that Guy Fawkes—who, after all, was not even its originator—should have come down to posterity as our arch-conspirator, so completely overshadowing those other characters who have plotted against the powers-that-be at various times in English history.

Ridolfi, Throckmorton, Mendoza, Babington, Watson, Wildman, Oates, Thistlewood—they have all planned violence and assassination in high places, yet none of them is granted an anniversary nor a ceremonial burning in effigy, and none has caught the public imagination like the man who was trapped in a dynamite-filled cellar beneath the House of Lords in 1605.

The Gunpowder Plot was not unique. In those days, when religion was a strongly political affair, the air was thick with conspiracies. Catholic priests, prelates and courtiers schemed against the lives of Protestant Elizabeth and James I with a tiresome persistence. But whether the plotters were inefficient or the royal spies particularly clever at smelling out their intrigues, the attempts invariably miscarried and lead to the execution of many of the ring-leaders. There was the plot of that sinister-sounding Florentine, Ridolfi, to kill Elizabeth and put Mary Queen of Scots on the throne in her place, for which the Duke of Norfolk, as an accomplice, paid the penalty; there was the abortive conspiracy of the Cheshire squire, Throckmorton, and Mendoza, the Spanish envoy, for which the former was executed and the latter sent packing; and there was Babington's plot (the scheming Spaniard was in this, too), which, so far from being fatal for Elizabeth, caused Mary's execution and Babington's death.

Conspirators were as plentiful in the reign of James I. Two years before Guy Fawkes became a national villain a priest called William Watson lost his life for plotting to kidnap the king at Greenwich, and Sir Walter Raleigh was sent to the Tower for a long term for his alleged part in a nebulous plot to depose James in favour of a Catholic kinswoman. But nobody at this time intrigued quite as busily as John Wildman did in the days of the Commonwealth and later.

(*Above*) The Cato Street conspirators surprised. The desperate fight that took place on February 23, 1820, when the watch broke into the plotter's hide-out in the stable loft. Thistlewood is seen (centre) stabbing and killing a constable. He escaped and was recaptured next day

(*On left*) Arthur Thistlewood, leader of the Cato Street conspiracy. Born about 1770, he had been tried and acquitted on a charge of sedition and had served a year in prison on another charge before forming his plan for the wholesale assassination of Lord Liverpool and his Cabinet in 1820. He was tried and executed with four accomplices

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John Wildman, 1623-1693. Conspirator with Republic leanings, and one of the most tireless intriguers of the seventeenth century. He was in and out of prison for almost forty years, but lived to seventy and died with a knighthood

Titus Oates, 1649-1705. Fabricator of the Popish plot, 1678. Perjurer who afterwards turned Baptist preacher (until expelled as a "hypocrite"), he is the next best-known English conspirator after Guy Fawkes

FOR nearly forty years Wildman, who was born about 1620, was in and out of prison for his plotting. First, in his twenties, he was supporting rebellious troops against Cromwell; then he was scheming to get rid of him; next he was involved—more than once—against Charles II; and finally he was dismissed from high office under William III for alleged sympathy with the Jacobites. It was surely something of a triumph for such an inveterate intriguer to live to over seventy and secure a knighthood in his declining years.

Curiously, Wildman's lifetime of plotting has failed to find him a place in many history books, (*Continued on page* 52)

Royal Wedding

"MY feeling is quite against ever marrying."

The girl spoke with decision. The elderly man standing before her bowed, acquiescent; his veiled eyes hid a smile, the imperious young Victoria did not see it.

She was a year older when she welcomed her princely cousins, Albert and Ernest, to Windsor. It was Thursday, and autumn. In the Great Park the trees were brown and gold, the Copper Horse at the end of the long drive glowed red at sunset, in the cool evenings log fires burned in the open hearths of the huge old castle.

On Saturday, Victoria sat down at her writing table. Her pen underlined words as she wrote to the Belgian king, her uncle. "Albert's *beauty* is most *striking* . . . he is so amiable and unaffected—in short, very *fascinating*. . . ." On Sunday, she received her Prime Minister, who thought that she blushed slightly as she informed him that "the Queen has a good deal changed her opinion as to marrying." On Tuesday, she summoned Albert, and that day she was writing Leopold again:

"I *love* him *more* than I can say. These last few days have passed like a dream to me . . . I am so much bewildered by it all . . . but I do feel very, very happy. . . ."

The Archbishop of Canterbury arrived to discuss details of the wedding at the Chapel Royal in St. James's Palace. Should he alter the words "to obey?" Or omit them? "Do neither," Victoria instructed him. "I wish to be married as a woman, and not as a queen."

It was that rare thing in any strata of life, a completely happy marriage. The wife's love for her man was so deep that when he died, twenty years later, she was heartbroken and hid from her people for the next two decades.

VICTORIA'S eldest son had a dynastic marriage planned for him before his father died. The girl was a German princess. But one day Prince Edward, visiting his grand-aunt, the Duchess of Cambridge, saw a new photograph on the table in her drawing-room. He picked it up. A lovely young girl in a white muslin frock, with a narrow black velvet ribbon round her throat, looked at him, smiling.

"Who is she?"

"Alexandra, Christian's eldest girl. She's just put her hair up. She's pretty, isn't she?"

They met at the German military manoeuvres in Heidelberg. It may not have been entirely by chance that the Danish king, attending, had brought his family along. Back at Windsor, Edward's father sat at his writing table reading his mail. One letter from Heidelberg made him open his diary and take up his pen. "We hear nothing but excellent accounts of the Princess Alexandra. The young people seem to have taken a warm liking to each other."

That winter, Albert died. Court mourning lasted two years. As soon as it was over Edward went to stay with uncle Leopold at Brussels. Leopold had another guest—the nineteen-year-old Alexandra. Soon after, the Dover battery fired a royal salute, the bells rang, and Edward went aboard to hand his Danish bride-to-be out on English soil. The British were very pleased with Edward for having brought home as their future queen, Europe's loveliest princess. They were married at the chapel in Windsor Castle, and went to live at Marlborough House. On June 3, 1865, Alexandra presented her husband and the nation with a son, christened George.

WITH twenty-five years to reign—troubled years which saw a string of epochral events, from a near civil war and the first World War, to troubles in India, the first general strike, and the great slump—George needed the right kind of wife, both for himself, and for the country. The fates were kind to him. Long before he was born they went to work to bring him Princess May.

Alexander of Wurtemberg was enamoured of Claudine, Countess of Rhodey, a beautiful patrician who had everything

H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH

Photographed in the White Drawing-room of Buckingham Palace

Romance

Stories Of Royal Courtship Through The Years Since Albert Wooed Victoria

By Wesley Stuart

except royal blood. If he married her, his sons would be excluded from the succession to the throne of Wurtemberg. He married her, and consequently his son found himself a count instead of a king, and with nothing in particular to tie him to Wurtemberg. So he came to England and met and married Mary Adelaide, youngest daughter of the Duke of Cambridge, King George III's youngest son.

Mary Adelaide was a favourite of Queen Victoria's. When she and the Count married, the Queen created the Count Duke of Teck, and lent them White Lodge and a suite in Kensington Palace. They were quite poor, and with three sons and a daughter, had to watch their pennies. Their daughter May was taught to sing, play the piano, appreciate china and pictures, speak Italian, French and German, skate, darn, sew, and keep house. She didn't learn to ride—the Tecks could not afford riding horses as well as the necessary carriage horses for travelling between Richmond and London.

All looked at her with keen interest when she first attended one of Queen Victoria's drawing-rooms—that was the season of '86. They saw a tall good-looking girl with a face full of character, a supple figure and fine poise, the wild-rose complexion and clear eye of sound health. The murmur passed from lip to lip: "The future Queen."

In fact, Victoria, who saw in May a girl after her own heart, planned a marriage between her and Albert Victor, Edward and Alexandra's eldest son. Five years later, the two were duly betrothed. But before they could marry, Albert Victor, born frail, died. The Princess had never been in love with him. She frankly preferred Albert Victor's sailor brother George, a sea-tanned young man sound as a bell. George, back from sea, began to drive out to White Lodge to see the twenty-five years old Princess May. One day when the copper beeches were bright with spring foliage she said "yes."

They were married two months later under the painted Holbein ceiling of the private chapel of St. James's Palace, and set up house in York House, the dower house beside the lake, a mile from the big house on the 7,000 acre Sandringham estate which King Edward had bought. It was pretty cramped quarters after the children came, five sons and a daughter; but they continued to use it as King and Queen, Edward having left the big house to Alexandra for her life.

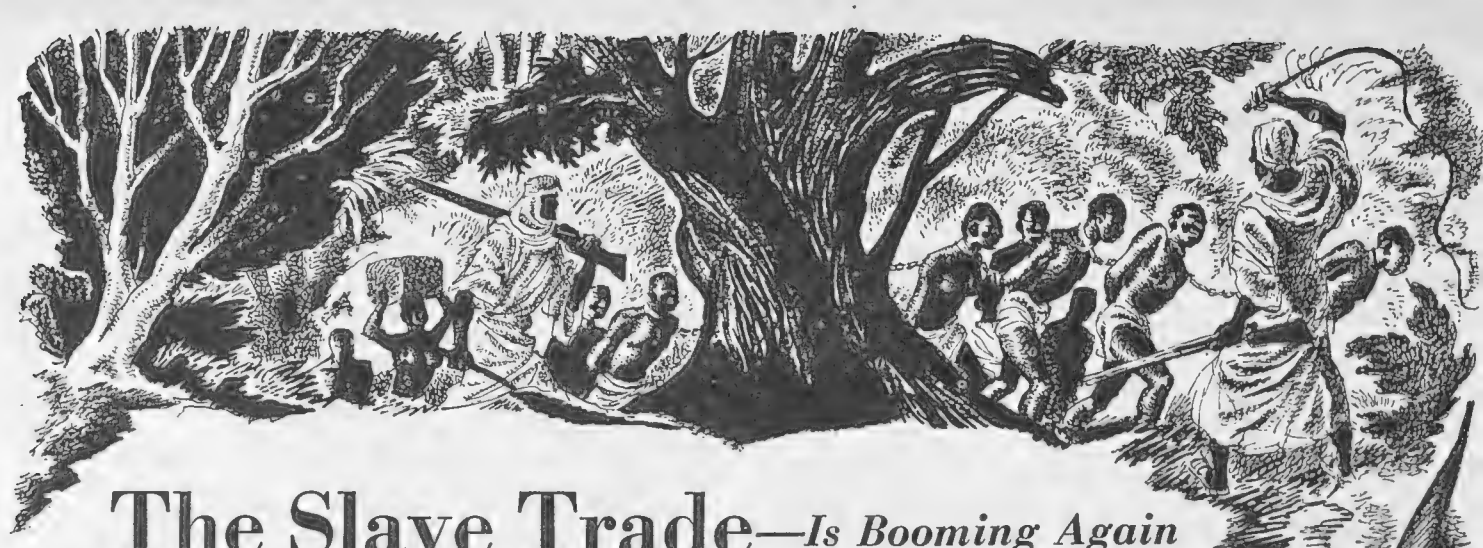
LIEUT. PHILIP MOUNTBATTEN, R.N.
Photographed in the White Drawing-room of Buckingham Palace

THE seventh Duke of Buccleuch, father of three sons and five daughters, was a grandfather thirteen times over when he died. His fifth grandchild, born Christmas Day, 1901, was Alice.

Lady Alice rode and danced gaily through life, a fair-haired, petite, tireless girl, with a wide smile-tilted mouth, and a crowd of men friends. She hunted, played polo, shot, sold her needlework at charity bazaars, showed her water-colours at Walkers Gallery, and had been married off by rumour a dozen times before Henry, George and Mary's third son, back from Army duties and travels which took him all over the empire and as far east as Japan, thought seriously of settling down, and began to suggest to his equerry that they week-end or spend a few days shooting at Drumlanrig Castle, or Bowhill. Both these places belonged to the Buccleuchs and the equerry could come and go freely, as he happened to be Lord William Scott, the Duke of Buccleuch's son.

On August 30, 1935, the betrothal announcement was made—diplomatically, the bride being a Scotswoman—from Balmoral, and on a sunny November day the two were married at the Chapel Royal.

In the big white nursery on the (*Continued on page* 66)



The Slave Trade—*Is Booming Again*

By Ferdinand Tuohy

SLAVERY has bobbed up again. Reason: the thinning of British presence in the Middle East, with consequent reopening of facilities to traffickers across the Red Sea in particular, age-old channel linking the export ground of Africa and Arabia at the receiving end.

Mind you, Arabia is far from the whole story of slave-holding and slave-breeding, as the League of Nations left it in 1937. China was and is still heavily involved over "Mui-Tsai" or "little sister" otherwise unequivocally the practice of dealing in slave girls. And slavery continues as an institution in corners of India—it will be interesting to see what effect our departure has in that quarter, too.

Yet Chinese and Indian slavery are essentially remote and internal affairs compared with the surviving slave story that stretches from the West African coast until lost in the folds of Arabia Deserta. This chapter is much more on the white man's doorstep. Alike through propinquity and colonial involvement, he has thought survival in such latitudes to be very much his pidjin. For more than a dozen years he brought the main force of his attack at Geneva to bear on the Red Sea trade.

Indeed, the Genevan story came to be a sort of Christian-Moslem tussle in course of which the Christian caused himself to stand forth as the bright paladin down the centuries, gradually but sternly eradicating slavery in himself and causing non-Christians to do the same under duress, did persuasion fail.

THE last of our home-bred slaves were Scots, and they wore metal collars, riveted on, with their owner's name, at the beginning of the seventeenth century. Salters and colliers were still in a state of serfdom here until 1799. But the date which lights up our enthusiasts' eyes is 1807. Until then, Liverpool and Bristol masters did rare business shipping slaves to America from West Africa. Thereafter it was all illegal and had to be carried on more or less surreptitiously while a great wave of Wilberforce-Buxton emotion swept the good Albert years. Yet it wasn't the emotion, but American abolition, which finally stayed the British hand in slavery.

After which we turned our eyes to the slavery of Portugal, Spain and Brazil, to the astounding slave story of Cuba in particular, prior to Victorian England shaking with righteous indignation at the Sudan revelations which brought Gordon on the scene. This was really the first time Britain took note of the enormous slave trade that existed between Africa and Arabia. But we were soon away again, crusading in the realms of others. Belgium got a fearful smack over the Congo "atrocities," and Brazil came in for a wallop over Putumayo, Portugal over the Cocos Islands.

There it all was in the records at Geneva—and what had the League to show at the end in respect of its own contribution carried through in the name of Christian humanity? The answer is of capital bearing to-day, since the world finds itself very much in the same position over slavery, as it was a decade ago, "only more so." It then had to be admitted that at least four million people continued entirely enslaved, for the most part in Arabia, Abyssinia, the interior of Northern Africa, and China.

THE effect of the war years was physically to hold up further transfer of slaves. I leave China out, but my meaning is clear when I mention that British naval patrols looking for enemy action in the Red Sea, performed the extra function of keeping slave dhows almost completely in port. Now the policeman has gone and the slave-traders appear to be entering into a rich inheritance, because so held up. Prices have doubled on pre-war, yet trading is brisk at up to £80 for a male slave, £30 to £40 for a female of parts, and from £15 to £20 for a boy.

These are current rates reported by ships' officers arriving at Durban, who further give the captives as coming chiefly from the Ivory and Gold Coasts, and the Cameroons, and the main assembly area as the Sudan. It is a doubly bad business because the latest victims are being rushed through on the cheap with the result that as many as one-fifth die en route to Arabia because of lack of food, congestion aboard the ships and disease.

The slaves are captured in Central Africa and Uganda, as well as on the West Coast and in the Sudan. The method of raiding is to surround a village in the dark, the Arab and

(*Continued on page* 52)

Illustrations by Jack Faulks

"YOU'RE Riki Straight, aren't you" she said calmly. Her voice was low and confident. "I've heard a lot about you. I wonder if you remember me"

In The Bag

She Was Beautiful, Audacious And Plausible—Was Barbara Lloyd

By Geoffrey Morgan

WHEN first I saw her she was sitting on a high stool at the bar, delicately sipping a Martini. She was young and very pleasing to the eye with a fashionable taste for clothes and an easy unconscious air of putting them across. As I took the vacant stool next to her I got a close-up of her face and thought the wide blue eyes and slightly up-turned nose seemed familiar. But I couldn't place them so I didn't mention it. I just ordered a Scotch and soda.

I lit a cigarette and studied the agony column of the London evening paper. But I couldn't concentrate. I had that hot sort of feeling you get under the collar when you know you are the object of a stare. I don't like being stared at, at least, not unless it is done openly, so I put down the paper and picked up my drink, and our eyes met over the glasses.

She didn't blush or look ridiculous at being caught out, and I knew then that she had been caught out before.

"You're Riki Straight, aren't you?" she said calmly. Her voice was low and confident.

"I've been called less respectful names but not in the presence of ladies." I grinned, and swallowed my drink.

"I've heard a lot about you. I wonder if you remember me?"

"I might if you introduce yourself. Your beauty seems familiar."

She smiled.

"I'm Barbara Lloyd."

I suddenly realized how bad my memory was.

"God, yes. It all comes back to me now. New York five years ago. A Fifth Avenue penthouse, a lovely lady about to marry her wealthy hero, and a miserable little blackmailer reminding her of earlier indiscretions."

I called the barman and ordered the same again. "Let's go into the lounge, it's quieter," I suggested, and collected the two glasses.

She nodded and slipped off the stool and I followed her through. We sat down on a corner settee and I gave her a cigarette.

"Your legs still look as lovely as they did in the chorus," I told her. "No wonder a millionaire whisked you into matrimony. How is he? And what about a family—is there any?" I grinned, but she took it seriously.

"No—not yet. And Jonathan is well, but—you know, he's so strict."

"With a wife like you I don't blame him."

She leaned towards me.

"You were wonderful in New York, weren't you? I've never forgotten what you did for me and how you handled that awful man Symes."

"Oh, that's all in a day's work," I said easily. "I get lots of similar cases, but I very seldom please such a beautiful woman."

She avoided my eyes charmingly, as if compliments were new to her.

"Well, what are you doing now? Are you living in London?" I changed the subject.

"No. Visiting. I'm going back to Scotland to-night. We've been living on the estate up there for some time now."

"Shooting?"

She shook her head, a little sadly, I thought.

"No, just living. I've been terribly bored. You'd never believe, Riki, how monotonous life is."

"Oh, yes, I would. That's why I'm in business. Never two days—or nights—alike."

She smiled her understanding and finished her drink. I buzzed for the waiter and ordered doubles.

"I know," she said, "I've just finished a glorious month of it here in London. It's my annual fling."

"I hope you've been moderate," I said lightly, taking the drinks off the waiter's tray and giving her one. "Here's to bonnie Scotland."

But she didn't join in the toast. Instead, she put her glass on the table and moved closer.

"I've been frightened," she said, and her voice was little above a whisper although the only other occupant of the room was on the far side. I didn't say anything. I just looked at her and waited.

"The last two days of my holiday have been too hectic," she went on. "It's the same old trouble."

I choked back my whisky.

"You're not telling me that Symes——" I began, but she shook her head emphatically.

"No. But, you see, I've been naughty again. And now it's someone else."

"Barbara," I reprimanded, "I'm disappointed. A happily married woman like you!"

"That's just the point—I'm not happy," she retorted sincerely. "I'm caged up at home playing the bored hostess month after month and as soon as I get any freedom it goes to my head. So what happens? I have an affair. And now my temporary lover and his friends are trying to cash in on my foolishness."

"You must have been in a sorry state to choose a scoundrel like that."

"I don't expect you to understand; only a woman could do that. I was introduced to him, and all the time his behaviour was perfect."

"Introduction is no criterion. I've been introduced to murderers and their attitude has left nothing to be desired until it's time for the showdown. Then they take off the mask."

I tipped back my glass and called the waiter again. When he had gone I surveyed her seriously. "I'm surprised at you, Barbara, I thought you were a shrewd, experienced woman. You always gave me the impression that there was little you didn't know about men. Especially the type who move in what columnists call the smart set. You seem to be slipping—mentally." I rubbed my remarks in slowly and painfully.

AS we walked into the small bare room adjoining the office, I dropped my bunched up newspaper into a litter receptacle

"You're quite right, Riki, I am." There was a haunting sadness about her eyes. "Since my marriage I seem to have lost touch with—well, with everything. I've lost interest in life."

I ran my eyes over her.

"You haven't lost your figure."

"That's been my only hobby."

"You know how to indulge in it," I grinned. "But why didn't you get in touch with me when the racket started?"

"I thought about it. I knew you were in London. I could have found your office but, somehow, I didn't like to. You'd been so good to me once, I couldn't face telling you I was in the same trouble again. And I thought maybe you'd refuse to help me anyhow. But I had begun to wish I had chanced that this evening for I realized then that I was being watched and followed. And I am scared, Riki, terribly. I can't even go back to the hotel to collect my case."

"Why?"

"One of his henchmen is there, waiting for me. I tried to get in just before dinner but couldn't get up to my room. I came here for a drink and tried to decide what to do. Then you happened along. I couldn't believe my good luck."

"Why didn't you go home without it? You could have wired the hotel to send it on when you sent the cheque."

"But, my dear, it contains everything, My ticket, identity card and most of my money. I never carry much in my handbag, apart from make-up." She suddenly became eager, compelling. "But it's easy now. They don't know you."

"You'd be surprised at the people who know me," I said evasively. "What time does your train go?"

"A few minutes to midnight." She put a hand on my arm. "Then you'll do it for me, Riki? You don't mind?"

"Seems I've no option," I grinned. "What hotel?"

"The Seton, Piccadilly. Room twenty-seven."

I stood up.

"You're registered in your stage name?"

She nodded.

"And I suppose you want me to foot the bill?"

She stood beside me and gave me a melting glance.

"They won't allow my luggage to be moved if you don't, will they? Can you be a darling?"

"I can be a mug."

"Swallow your pride this time. It's for a good cause and I'll settle up as soon as I can open my bag." She glanced at her watch, a habit she had employed frequently during the course of the evening. "How long shall I give you?"

"I've a lazy disposition. You'd better be generous."

"All right. How about eleven o'clock at the terminus?"

"Which one?"

"Euston. I'll be in the booking hall."

I consulted my watch. It was nine-thirty.

"O.K. You'd better linger over another drink here." I gave the order to the waiter and she sat down and lit a cigarette. I went out.

As I passed through the swing door a taxi drew up at the curb and I was about to hurry across and book it, when I noticed the man who got out. I retraced my steps and stood in the shadow of the door pillar. For the second time that evening I was looking at something familiar. He paid his fare and as he walked towards the doors the lights played on his face and I recognized him instantly.

He was Jackson Mikilhoff. A well-known figure in the underworld. He was a big-time crook and as clever as they come. His presence in the Silver Domino intrigued me. I began to get a hunch; a hunch, I suddenly realized, that had been growing all the evening.

I followed him inside.

Keeping at a discreet distance and mingling with the people drifting in and out of the foyer, I watched him sit down at the bar. I unrolled my paper and pretended to read.

He ordered a drink and inserted a cigarette into a jade holder. He opened a paper. I waited.

Presently, she appeared and they glanced at each other but they didn't speak. She found a space at the bar and ordered a drink, collected, and went slowly back to the lounge. A few seconds later he followed in her wake.

I'd seen enough. I went outside and got a taxi.

ON my way to the Seton I began putting things together. I began remembering a whole lot more about Barbara Lloyd. I remembered that there had been quite a private mystery about the blackmail business in New York. And I didn't get to the bottom of it. She'd been mixing with some bad company before that, too. She'd married Jonathan van Luckner suddenly—before he'd had time to change his mind, so people said. Taking things all round, I had to confess that she was a plausible little witch.

Ten minutes later I was standing in the busy foyer of the Seton hotel surveying the occupants and the reception desk. I went over to the desk.

The girl looked tired but she tried to smile.

"Good evening," I said. "Will you give me number twenty-seven, please?" The girl turned and went to the keyboard. She came back without the key.

"That's Miss Lloyd, isn't it?"

"Yes. She asked me to come along and collect her luggage. She's unable to get here herself," I smiled reassuringly. "She instructed me to settle the account."

She flashed a glance around the lounge.

"Very well, sir." She went behind the cash desk and reappeared with a statement. "It's five guineas—please."

I handed her the money and took the key.

"Has anyone been inquiring for Miss Lloyd?" I asked innocently.

"A gentleman has been up two or three times. In fact, I think he's still in the hotel somewhere."

"Oh, I expect that's Smithers. I'll contact him later. Thank you." And I went upstairs.

I went down the first floor corridor observing (*Continued on page* 64)

A view of Stockholm, the capital of Sweden, from the Skeppshron Quay

THERE is a school of thought which persists in believing that Sweden is a cold country. "Ah," they exclaim with a shudder, "I wouldn't like to live there." In truth, the first time I myself saw Sweden, called "the Venice of the North," it was in the month of November and the air was full of tiny snow flakes, but the sky was unclouded blue, the sun shone brightly and the air itself had an invigorating bite in it.

Actually, if the Gulf Stream did not flow along the shores of Scandinavia, bringing warmth from the Gulf of Mexico, the climate of Sweden *would* be arctic, but in point of fact the climate is rather mild, and this climate, like many other things in Sweden, is very different from what you expect. It is indeed a land of surprises.

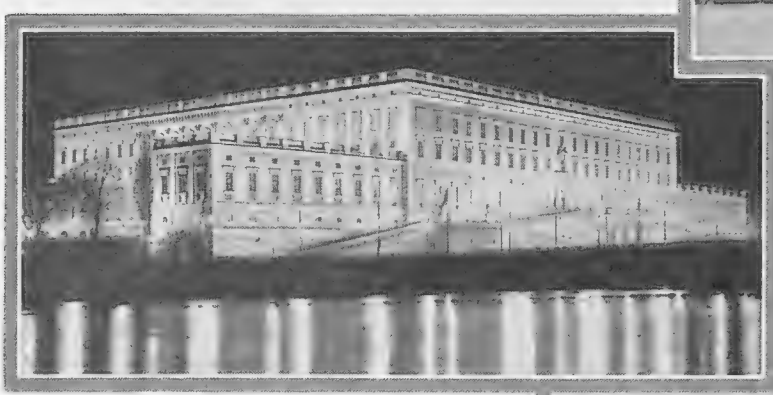
Nearly seven million people have 175,000 square miles in which to live, giving every forty inhabitants an average of one square mile all to themselves;

Land Of Surprises—

Sweden

By Harry J. Greenwall

In the Tessinparken district of Stockholm, where a modern skyscraper city of working-class flats is arising



A floodlit view of the Royal Palace at Stockholm (On right)

Sweden is suffering from a fuel shortage but has an abundance of timber. Rafts of logs, which will be cut up for firewood, arriving in Stockholm

on the face of it, this sounds as if Sweden was one of the most sparsely populated countries in Europe. The real situation, however, is that more than half of Sweden is covered with forest land and one-twelfth of the whole consists of rivers and lakes, so that it boils down to this: three-quarters of the population of Sweden live in the south, leaving the north to wandering tribes of Lapps, but here along the pioneer spirit of the Swedes is fighting the climate, truly arctic. It is known that in the north there are valuable deposits of gold and copper and vast quantities of iron ore, claimed to have the highest content in the world. Scientists have lined up with the pioneers and given them frost-resisting seeds; on account of the long hours of daylight and sunshine in the north of Sweden, potatoes flourish particularly well.

Good fortune in Swedish geographical conditions has done much to aid the Swedes. For instance, most of the rivers flow from north to south, so that the winter ice melts first at the mouths of the rivers, a fact which has enabled the Swedes to build up the most wonderful floating system, which brings the felled trees from the forests down to the sea.

Yes, the Swedes are a lucky people, but besides being lucky they know how to ride out their luck. Several European countries managed to preserve their neutrality during the First World War, but Sweden, despite her very exposed geographical situation, managed to sit out two world wars. Certainly Switzerland did so too, but Switzerland has not got so many things Sweden has and which other people want. . . .

Sweden has been held up to the world as an example of government by the people and, in view of the experiments which have been taking place in our country, it is quite "rare and refreshing" to examine what another country such as Sweden has done and is doing.

As a parliamentary governed country, with a constitutional monarchy, Sweden is second in age to Britain; the Swedish Parliament is 512 years of age.

Universal suffrage for men was introduced into Sweden in 1918, and in 1921 for women; later, the right to vote was granted to all those over twenty-one. Parliament consists of two Chambers, of which the lower one is elected directly by the people.

Very soon after the outbreak of the last war, Sweden began to be governed by a Coalition government, but immediately the war was over, government passed back into the hands of the majority party, the Social Democrats. For almost fifteen years the Swedes had the same (*Continued on page* 62)

For the next week Jane Lane carried the Crown of England in her hands, and never was trust more bravely or delicately performed

SHE RODE WITH A KING

The Adventurous Journey Of Jane Lane And The Fugitive King Charles II In His Escape To France

Illustrations by
JACK MATTHEW.

IF Jane Lane had a romantic heart, how it must have fluttered on a September day of 1651 when she was living with her Royalist brother, Colonel John Lane, at Bentley Hall, near Walsall, Staffordshire!

She was young and comely. Her portrait, attributed to Lely, shows wide, dark eyes under a mass of dark hair, straight nose, small, sweet mouth, oval face, shapely arms and hands, voluptuous bosom. She had obtained a pass to visit a friend near Bristol—Mrs. Norton of Abbots Leigh—in time for a "happy event," and was preparing for the long journey on horseback. Suddenly, startlingly, she could hear her father whispering: "*King Charles will accompany you—as your manservant. He must escape to France. . . .*"

Charles II., then a youth of twenty-one, had just been defeated at Worcester with the loss of 6000 of his Scottish Army, all his baggage and artillery. A prince on the run, he had sooted his face and posed as a woodman, hidden in the Boscobel oak and in crazy-gabled Boscobel hunting-lodge, heard the tramp of the militia searching for him, stolen across country like a thief in the night. Now he had found refuge in Mr. Whitgreave's house, Moseley. Colonel Lane would ride over and escort him to Bentley, and then. . . .

There was yet another scare before Lane arrived at midnight with two horses. In the afternoon a servant hurried in with the news that a company of militia was on the way to make a search and arrest Whitgreave on a charge of participation at Worcester. Whitgreave, hustling Charles into a secret priest-hole, flung open the house to the soldiers, parleyed with them, and convinced them he was not at Worcester. Charles, at last released, said wryly: "I feared that you had abandoned me for ever!"

THAT cold autumn night was a strange one in the life of a King. Mounting in the dark orchard, he rode with Lane by whispering heath and byway, ate a simple meal on arriving at Bentley, then was given a bed in the servants' quarters. Before dawn his host was by his side with £20 in money, a country lad's suit and cloak in grey homespun, and conical black hat. It was as a humble serving-man, not a king, that he straddled one of the horses brought round from the stables, with Jane sitting pillion behind him. He had become "William Jackson," the son of a Bentley tenant.

What were her thoughts at that fateful moment in history? From contemporary chronicles, Mr. Arthur Bryant concludes, in his biography of Charles, that even her mother, who stood at the door to see her off, did not know of the King's identity. "But the girl knew her prince and trembled as she touched his shoulder. For the next week she carried the Crown of England in her hands, and never was trust more bravely or delicately performed."

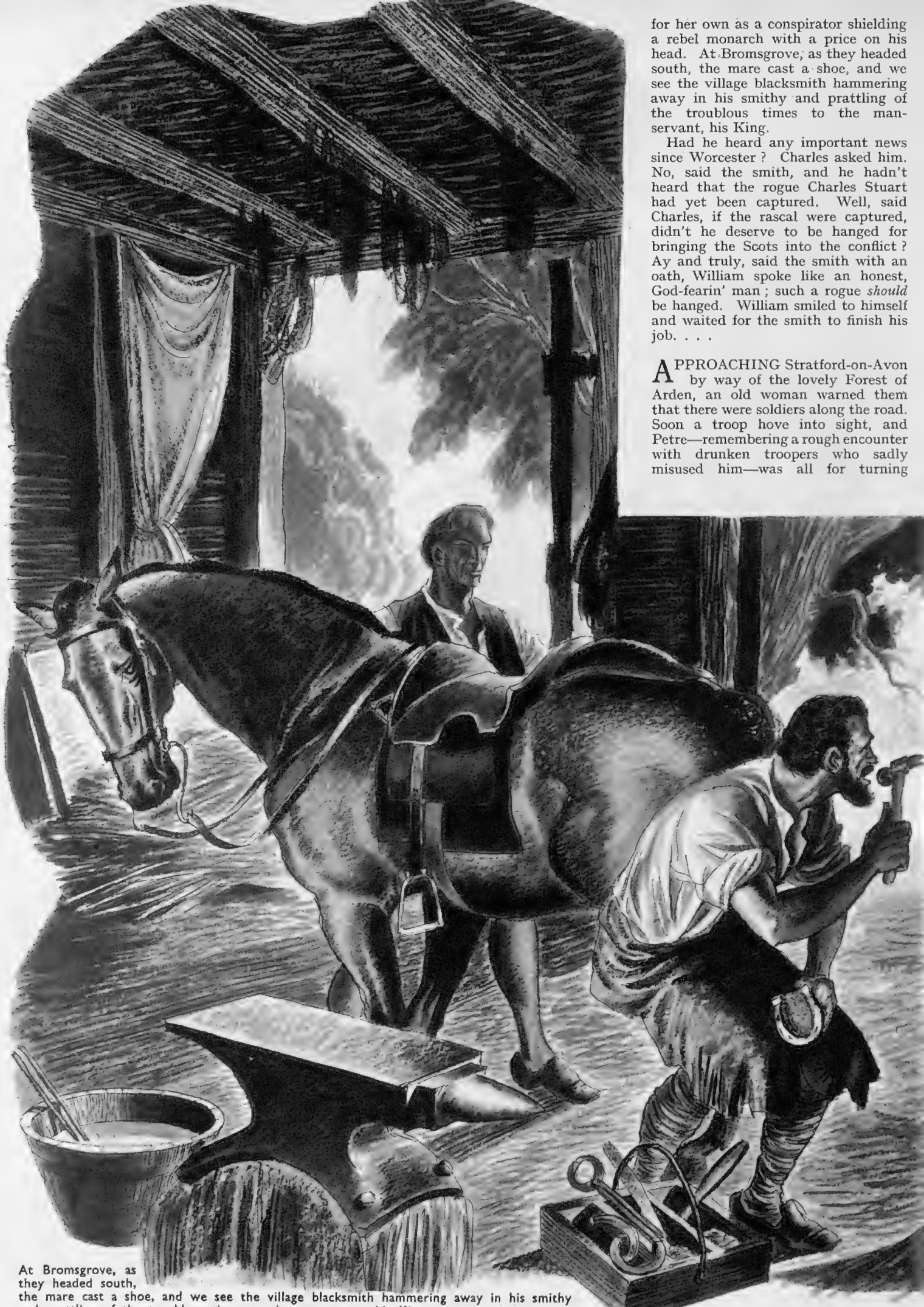
The Lanes' brother-in-law, John Petre—accompanying them part of the way with his wife—did not know, either, the only other one in the secret being Jane's escort, Henry Lascelles, a young cousin of the family.

Many times on that perilous journey Jane trembled for the King's safety, if not

for her own as a conspirator shielding a rebel monarch with a price on his head. At Bromsgrove, as they headed south, the mare cast a shoe, and we see the village blacksmith hammering away in his smithy and prattling of the troublous times to the manservant, his King.

Had he heard any important news since Worcester? Charles asked him. No, said the smith, and he hadn't heard that the rogue Charles Stuart had yet been captured. Well, said Charles, if the rascal were captured, didn't he deserve to be hanged for bringing the Scots into the conflict? Ay and truly, said the smith with an oath, William spoke like an honest, God-fearin' man; such a rogue *should* be hanged. William smiled to himself and waited for the smith to finish his job. . . .

APPROACHING Stratford-on-Avon by way of the lovely Forest of Arden, an old woman warned them that there were soldiers along the road. Soon a troop hove into sight, and Petre—remembering a rough encounter with drunken troopers who sadly misused him—was all for turning



At Bromsgrove, as they headed south, the mare cast a shoe, and we see the village blacksmith hammering away in his smithy and prattling of the troublous times to the manservant, his King

about. "But that," pleaded Jane, "will but arouse their suspicions against us. We must go on!" Charles, too, favoured going on and showing no concern. But Petre and his wife decided to break from the party, and vanished in the opposite direction.

The entry of the others into Stratford was through a troop of horse that opened to let them pass, with King and serving-man solemnly saluting his enemies! And they pressed on through Shakespeare's town without hitch or challenge. But did not the outwardly calm, prepossessed Jane feel her heart pounding until the ordeal was past?

Making for Long Marston, riding fifty miles in a day, they stayed the night at the house of John Tombs, or Tomes, a connection of the Lanes', where Charles supped below-stairs in the kitchen. And here, too, was a pretty comedy. A maid asked him to wind the jack that turned the spit used for roasting joints. Charles, fumbling, showed that he didn't know how. A nice manservant, this — thought the staff—who couldn't even wind a jack! He remembered, just in time, that Staffordshire customs differed from those of the Cotswolds. "We seldom

have meat," he explained, "and when we do we rarely use a jack."

The next night they spent at the Crown Inn, Cirencester, where Lascelles was given a bed and Charles a truckle mattress on the floor in a small upper room. Had the inn servant peered in again after removing the candles he would have been surprised to find the serving-man snug in bed and the gentleman on the floor, for how could Lascelles consent to such indignity to a king?

THE following day they reached Abbots Leigh, after Charles—at some risk—had amused himself in Bristol inspecting the old Royalist defences and noting improvements. As they rode into the grounds of the fine Elizabethan mansion he received a jolt. Watching a party playing bowls was a former chaplain of his, Dr. George! The world is a small place, especially when you're adrift in it, a fugitive in disguise. . . .

Soon another jolt awaited him. Jane arranged for the butler, Pope, to put her manservant in a private room on the plea that the poor fellow was just recovering from ague. Ague? Then Dr. George, something of a physician, must take a look at him—which he duly did, astonishingly without penetrating the disguise.

Pope, an old Royalist soldier, was very interested in William, too—especially when one of the men of the house began talking of Worcester, and Charles discovered that he had been a trooper in his own Guards. The butler stared so hard at Jane's serving-man that it was evident he suspected William's true identity. In no time he was on his knees before Charles, vowing to serve him faithfully, no matter at what risk.

Matters were further complicated when a maid showed every sign of falling romantically for poor William, waiting tenderly on the invalid and bringing him comforts.

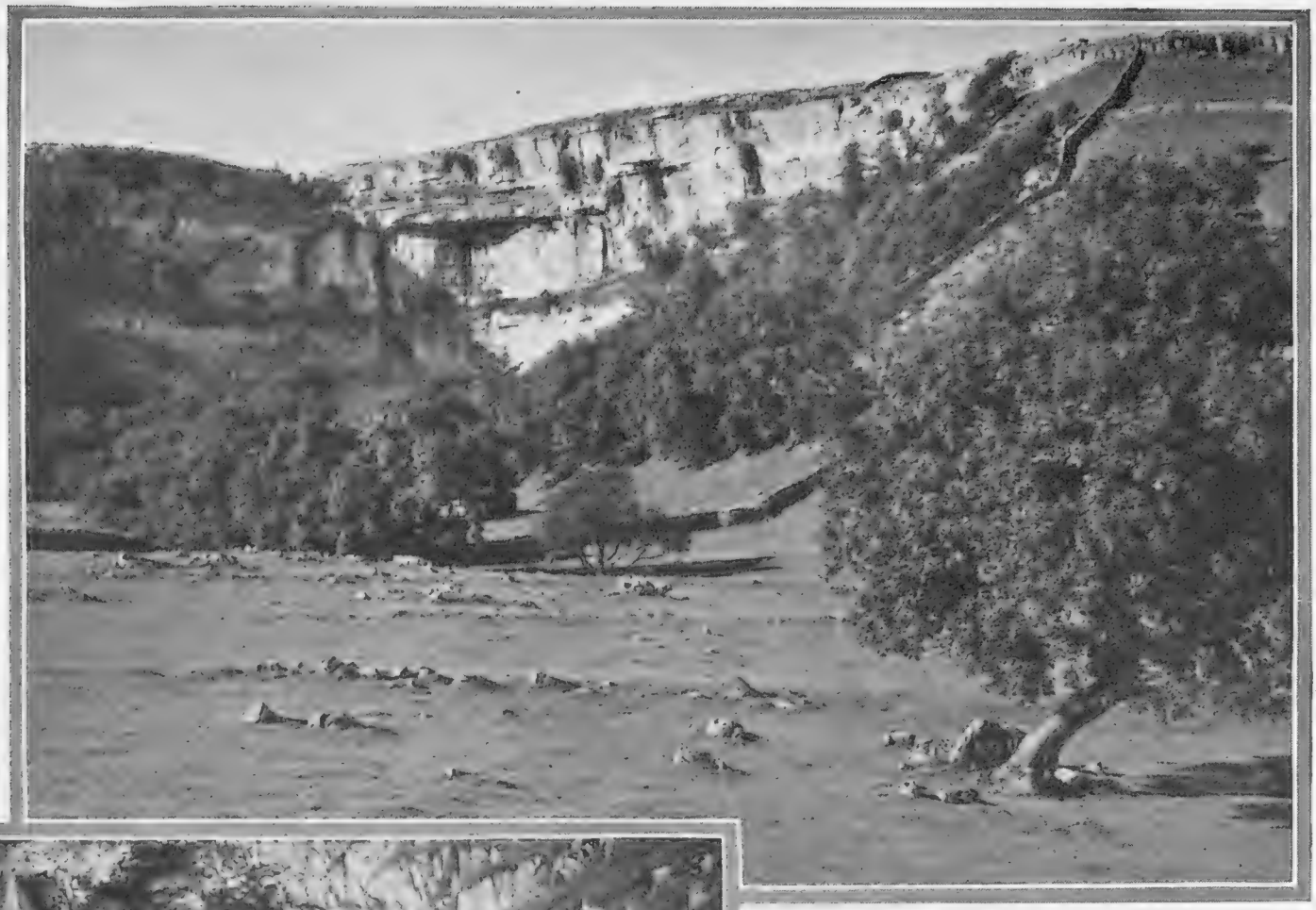
All this must have been a strain on the ever-watchful Jane. Attempts to charter a vessel at Bristol came to nothing. Delay was dangerous. The King must move on and try some other port. But the "happy event" turned out tragically: her friend, Mrs. Norton, had just miscarried. How could Jane leave at such a time? By news from Bentley of her father's sudden illness, suggested the resourceful Pope, who concocted a fake letter and passed it to her at supper. . . .

So Jane, Lascelles and William took the road again for Colonel Wyndham's house at Trent, near Sherborne, where food was passed secretly up a chimney to Charles's room by means of a rope. Here Jane took leave of him—a tearful, touching leave, for she would no longer be with him on the remaining hazard which was to win him a ship at Shoreham, a safe landing at Fécamp in France.

WAS there a love story? Evidently not, though they were dear companions on that romantic ride which offered all the makings of one. Jane was too concerned for his safety. He was either publicly servant or privately king; little chance she had of coming heart-near to the susceptible young man.

But when they met later in France Charles kissed her on the cheek, called her his "life," saw that she was treated with distinction at his Paris Court. "Your most affectionate friend," "Your most assured and constant friend," he wrote in his letters. He gave her a gold watch, asking that it be handed down to the eldest daughter of the Lane family for ever; and at the Restoration she was voted £1000 to buy a jewel and £1000 pension. A portrait of Charles painted specially for her, and snuff-boxes engraved with his profile in silver, were cherished souvenirs of a loyal and dangerous service performed so well.—[END]

When Jane met King Charles later in France he kissed her on the cheek and saw that she was treated with distinction at his Paris Court



Malham Cove, a 286-foot-high limestone precipice behind which it is believed are vast caverns as yet unseen by man

On left : Victoria Cave, near Settle. This cave was used as a temporary home by Romano-British refugees and was in prehistoric times the den of lions and hyenas

Our remote ancestors regarded some of them as the abode of evil spirits, as the names of several testify. French peasants still refer to caves in their own country as *Chauldrons du Diable,* and it is not surprising to find one of Ingleborough's many pot-holes referred to similarly as the Mouth of Hell, though it is better known to-day as Alum Pot. (*Continued on page* 68)

The Pennine Caves—

Their Mystery And Romance

By G. Bernard Wood

THE sense of mystery which caves always seem to inspire has been quickened, recently, by the discovery of human remains in a shakehole in Trow Ghyll, and of others—only a week later—in Gaping Ghyll. The discoveries have puzzled pathologists and police, who promptly sped to Ingleborough—where the two limestone cavities occur—and descended to the scene of what is supposed (judging by the state of the skeletons) to have been fairly recent disaster or even crime. Another theory is that the bodies might be those of enemy agents who dropped over the neighbourhood from aircraft during the war, and came to grief in this inhospitable cave-countryside.

Ever since the dawn of history these chasms in the Pennine area have been given a strange, sometimes a terrifying reputation.

Weathercote Cave near Ingleborough, which is half cave and half pot-hole. Ruskin describes it "as the rottenest, deadliest, loneliest, horriblest place I ever saw in my life"

Girl or Shadow

How The Mysterious Leakage Of Information From The Code Room Was Solved

By Barry Perowne

IT was a blazing afternoon in Paris. The summer frocks of Lois Forrest and Celia Malley, Embassy codists, glimmered gay as flowers under the trees and pavement awnings of the avenue Mozart.

They were in no hurry. Celia was going to her hairdresser, Lois to a tea date in the same neighbourhood. They loitered to look into the windows of rare-book shops, glossy little perfumeries. And old ladies, basking on balconies above the sun-hazed street, hearing the girls' voices, glanced down benevolently—and glanced again, with a change of expression.

For Celia, slender, very pretty, twenty-two years old, wore a white surgical boot on her left leg and leaned heavily on a stick. She had been all her life extremely lame.

Yet her smile was carefree, and there were moments—as now when they paused to read the circus bills on a pavement kiosk—when it would surprise in Lois a poignant tenderness.

She put a hand on her friend's arm. "Shall we go to the circus one night, Celia?" she said. "We'll get Philip Graven to take us."

"Oh, we must!" Celia exclaimed. "It'll take our minds off these awful security blitzes."

Lois's smile was a shade wry. Life in the code room had been made uneasy of late by items appearing in the newspaper column of a Parisian political commentator who styled himself "Pharo." The items were such that they might have been either the bold guesses of a shrewd observer or an indication of something more serious—a leakage from the Embassy.

Conlon, the security officer, suspected the latter. Hence the "blitzes." And Lois, in whom long preoccupation with mutilations in high-level code traffic had whetted a keen mind to an appetite for any kind of problem, for weeks had been puzzling as to how such a leakage, if any, could be explained.

The girls came to a turning on the right—a cul-de-sac, trapping the heat-dazzle. Here, crouching in the angle at the foot of towering, grey stone mansion walls, was a single little elegant shop—*Emile, Coiffure des Dames.*

Lois said, as they halted, "Philip'll be at this tea I'm going to. I know he won't stay long; he never does. He'll have his car, so we'll call at your precious Emile's for you, coming back."

The lame girl, looking after Lois as she swung away, slowly took off her sunglasses. Her eyes were deeply blue, almost violet. So hot and still was the afternoon that, as she put her sunglasses into the roomy, white leather shoulder-satchel she carried, she could hear the pipe and flicker of sparrows overhead. She glanced up with a smile into the leafy, green, sun-searched fastness of the tree, then turned and, leaning heavily on her stick, limped along the cul-de-sac, pushed open the plate-glass door of the Salon Emile.

Draped, dove-blue curtains dimmed the shop to a perfumed twilight. A bulky man in a starched white coat turned to her from a crystal-topped table displaying cosmetics, and Celia said pleasantly:

"I hope I'm not late, Monsieur Emile?"

"*Pas du tout, mademoiselle,*" said Emile. His heavy, sallow face had been handsome once; now, his most striking feature was his thick, grey, marcelled hair. "Nicole!" he called, and a slightly built, dark girl whose prettiness was like an echo of Emile's vanished good looks glided from the shadows of the row of cubicles. "Number four, Nicole," Emile said.

Taking a handkerchief from his pocket, he mopped the palms of his hands as Celia limped after his daughter over the pile carpet. Nicole drew aside the curtain of a cubicle.

"Papa will be with you in a moment," she said.

"Thank you, Nicole."

A shaded bulb glowed softly over the mirror above the powder-blue basin. Laying her satchel on a small table, the lame girl sat down in the padded chair. She leaned forward to prop her stick against the basin, and as she did so, the curtain behind her was drawn aside. She glanced with a smile into the mirror, to see reflected there a lean, tall man in a grey suit, a stranger.

Her glance lifted in surprise to the reflected face—a bony face, tight-lipped, clamped in a grey rigour. Her heart leaped with a sudden foreboding, but narrowed eyes, jet-black in that ashen mask, coming with a fixed intent towards her in the mirror, held her for an instant helpless. Then, with a catch of the

Illustrations by Albert Bailey

breath, she half rose. Something flicked past her eyes, a towel jammed her mouth, her head was snapped back, the scream was choked in her throat.

IN the avenue Mozart, the shadows were growing long, when Philip Graven swung his two-seater into the curb at the corner of the cul-de-sac.

An Embassy under-secretary, with a good-looking brown face and clear blue eyes, his bowler hat slanted at precisely the right angle, a carnation glimmering in his buttonhole, he was so faultless in his decorum that he was apt lightly to be referred to in the code room as "The Graven Image."

"We're late," said Lois, "but Celia may still be here. Her hair-dos always take hours."

"I don't like the sound of that," said Philip.

He had big things on his mind. He had a part to play in preparations for the arrival of a personality who, so important that he was spoken of by the incognito "Mr. N.," was due in by plane at midnight, homeward bound from a Big

A FIGURE crouched darkly in the open window, against the moonlight. She saw the ice-blue shine of a blade. The figure rose up, towered for an instant, launched itself at them

Power conference. "Tell Celia," said Philip, as he reached across to open the door for Lois, "that I can't possibly wait here long."

"I will," Lois promised.

She knew what was on his mind. And, her amber hair flying, she went along the cul-de-sac at the run. Sunset ruddied the upper reaches of the high walls that hemmed it in, but down here had gathered dusk and shadow. The door squatly lettered *Emile* was shut and locked. Within, however, a dim light showed, and cupping her hands about her eyes, Lois peered in through the plate glass. Yes, the light came from one of the cubicles. Perhaps Celia wasn't finished yet.

Louis rapped on the door.

Instantly, the light in the cubicle blacked out.

"Queer," she thought.

She rapped again and peered in. Twilight and silence only. Then she thought she saw the curtain of a cubicle drawn gently aside and a girl's figure standing there motionless. She rapped once more, but no sound came from within and she saw no movement. She thought that it must be only a shadow she saw, not a girl at all, standing there so still. Anyway, it was evident Celia must have left; and Lois turned away, to hurry back along the cul-de-sac.

"Gone?" said Philip, as he opened the car door for her.

Lois nodded. But she was thinking, "It was odd, the light going out like that." And her mind, long attuned to think in puzzles, posed for her a quaint conundrum: "Girl or shadow?"

She was thoughtful as the car hummed along the boulevards, past the lights now far-flung, twinkling, in the Champ de Mars, under the mighty arch and soaring, beacon-tipped silhouette of the Eiffel Tower.

When they reached the Embassy, she was due on duty. Later, when Mr. N. arrived, there would, she knew, be heavy traffic in the code room. He was the codists' Nemesis. He always insisted on having a suite prepared for him close to the code room, for night and day during his happily brief stays he threw off telegrams, all long and all priority, as a pinwheel sparks. Luckily, Lois reflected, as she settled down to the two telegrams waiting now on her desk for enciphering, she and Celia would be off shift when Mr. N. arrived.

She worked steadily, with concentration, and it wasn't until she had caught up with these immediate jobs that she realized she still was alone in the room. Her partner on the shift, Celia, was late. Lois glanced at the clock. Celia was more than an hour overdue.

It was unlike her. Lois bit her lip. Always the thought of Celia, alone, worried her; the lame girl seemed so vulnerable.

After a minute's hesitation, Lois picked up the telephone and dialled the security officer.

"Mr. Conlon?" she said. "Lois Forrest, Codes. I'm a bit worried about Celia Malley. She's over an hour late on shift, and still no sign of her. She went to her hairdresser's this afternoon at four thirty—*Emile*, off avenue Mozart. I was to call for her, but when I got there, about six, the place was shut. I imagine she must have left, only—only——"

She hadn't intended to mention the queer conundrum posed by her glimpse through the hairdresser's plate-glass door: Girl or shadow? She hadn't realized how uneasily it lurked in her mind. But now she found herself telling Harvey Conlon of it—till his crisp voice cut in on her:

"She left the hairdresser's, Lois, because I saw her myself in the building here, going up the main staircase, about five thirty. I'm pretty sure of the time, but I'll check with the hall-desk and call you back."

He did so almost at once.

"That's right, Lois," he said. "She came in just before five thirty and went out again within a few minutes. Question is, where is she now? She may be seedy,

or perhaps she's just got her duty schedule confused. I'll telephone your hostel, find out if she's there, and let you know."

A telegram came in for deciphering, and Louis was busy on it, her worry about Celia pushed for the moment to the back of her mind, when Conlon himself strode into the room.

The leathery, hard-eyed man said harshly, "I always suspected that columnist was something more than just a smart guesser. Read that!"

Lois took the sheet of notepaper he held out to her. Instantly she recognized Celia's handwriting. Her heart thumped, the colour drained from her cheeks, as she read:

Dear Mr. Conlon,

Something has happened to me to-day which has opened my eyes to the madness and wickedness of what I've been doing for some weeks past.

It would be hopeless for me to try to make you understand how it started, how it was that I first began to give away to a certain man small items of information from code traffic passing through my hands. All that matters is that I'm certain, now, that every word he's ever said to me is false.

This afternoon I took out of the Embassy a telegram carbon I'd made surreptitiously and hidden. I knew it was more important than anything I'd shown him before, and his excitement when he saw it opened my eyes like a douche of cold water. It was as though he'd dropped a mask for a minute and I saw him as he was—and myself as I was.

He thinks I'm going to get more such things for him. I let him think it. I was afraid to do otherwise. But I'm not going on. I've thought and thought. I can face none of you, and I've decided there's only one thing for me to do.

This is to explain, and to make sure that nobody else shall be suspected of complicity in the leakages. I don't ask for forgiveness. I can never forgive myself. Good-bye.

CELIA MALLEY.

"Is that her handwriting?" Conlon demanded.

Lois drew a deep breath. "I'm afraid so."

"This is sweet," Conlon said. "My guess is, she's been beglamoured by some gigolo scouting for that damned columnist. Lois, have you any idea what telegram she can be referring to?"

"It could be anything," Lois said. "Impossible to say—provided she took any at all."

Conlon looked at her sharply.

Lois said, "Do you believe that note? Celia's missing and something's terribly wrong, yes. But do you think she could have been doing for weeks what she says there and not given away to me, her best friend, that she had something on her mind? Never! *Celia* betray secrets out of this room? I don't believe it. She wrote that note, yes; it's her handwriting. But she must have been forced to write it."

"She was under no duress whatever," Conlon said.

"How can you possibly say that?" Lois demanded.

"Because the boy who brought it," Conlon said, "is out there in the hall, now. He handed the note in and waited—hoping for a *pourboire* at this end, of course. I've questioned him."

"What's his story?"

"That he was hanging about the Gare de l'Est," Conlon said, "touting for luggage to carry, and a lame girl asked him to bring a note here. I particularly questioned him as to whether there was anyone near her when she gave him the note, whether there was the slightest possibility of her being under duress. He says, not a chance of it."

"Whatever he says," Lois declared, "I don't believe a word of that note. Look, she says here, 'There's only one thing for me to do.' The inference is, kill herself. A girl like Celia?" Lois said: "No, Mr. Conlon! I *know* her. It takes a very special courage to live life with the spirit Celia lives it, with such a handicap as she has. Celia would no more dream of killing herself than she would of

(*Continued on page* 56)

Lois ran to the door. She thrust past the staring young man there, ran out into the hall

Professors of Foresight

PLATO

SIR THOMAS MORE

THOMAS GRAY

SAMUEL BUTLER

LORD LYTTON

H·G·WELLS

BERTRAND RUSSELL

LENIN

By Richard Massie

FITFULLY, occasionally, most of us attempt to peer into the future. We soon give it up, agreeing with Lenin that "history is always more cunning than you expect." What we do foresee is often depressing. In *Erewhon*, Samuel Butler imagined a generation of men who could see into the future and who consequently died of shock. The Arabs and other oriental peoples have a superstitious fear of any such prying into Allah's intentions.

The astrologers cannot help us. Some years ago an analysis of their prewar predictions was published, with the result that "what the stars foretold" turned out to be a lot of moonshine. Unless the statement by Old Moore that "the full moon falls on Goering's Uranus" was a premonition of our bombing offensive.

It was H. G. Wells who advocated the setting up of a committee of "professors of foresight" to advise the government. Alas! Even the prophecies of that gifted seer were not reliable enough for a government to act on. He thought Germany was exhausted at the beginning of 1941. Bertrand Russell became a pacifist, anticipating such destruction from the air as would make war purposeless. The facts of war made him change his mind. What hope for us where Russells and Wellses fail? Little, unless we have a flash of intuition such as perhaps came to Thomas Gray, who wrote in the eighteenth century:—

"The time will come when thou shalt lift thine eyes
To watch the long-drawn battle of the skies,
While aged peasants, too amazed for words,
Stare at the flying fleet of wondrous birds.
England, so long mistress of the sea,
Where wind and waves confess her sov'reignty,
Her ancient traditions yet on high she bore,
And reigned the Sovereign of the conquered air."

MODERN Utopian forecasts are based on present day scientific knowledge and achievement. Everything from babies in bottles to interplanetary transport is accepted as perfectly possible, or more than possible. Yet the idea that mechanical invention should ever attain any importance never made the faintest appeal to the great thinkers of Greece and Rome. Plato could not envisage a state not dependent on slave labour. His "Republic" was built out of the Athens and Sparta of his time, just as Mr. Wells's Utopias were based on contemporary possibilities.

Nearly two thousand years after Plato, Sir Thomas More looked out on to the filthy, narrow London alleys and wrote: "The streets of Utopia be twenty feet broad." Nearly a hundred years later, and Bacon was speculating about submarines, aeroplanes, the artificial breeding of animals and plants, and "swimming girdles and supporters." But he gave only the barest hints of these things to come.

In *Erewhon*, Samuel Butler brings a brilliant imagination to bear on the potentialities of machines. He had only steam engines to work from, but one would think he had heard of the electronic brain. "Machines are less versatile than man, but then they are still in their infancy. Sometimes when its normal action is disturbed, a machine will lose its head and go from bad to worse, like a lunatic in a raging frenzy. But every day gives them some greater provision for the unforseen. Those improvements are being selected for perpetuity which contain provision against the emergencies that may arise to harass the machines. . . ."

MORE striking prophecies came from Bulwer Lytton in 1870. The ideas of his *Coming Race* make Wells look quite conservative. For us to-day, his most remarkable forecast is "vril." "The vril fluid," he wrote, "can be conducted towards the object it is meant to destroy throughout a distance almost indefinite. . . . On the report of some observer in an airboat, any member of the vril department can estimate unerringly the nature of intervening obstacles, the height to which the projectile instrument should be raised, and the extent to which it should be charged so as to reduce to ashes a capital twice as vast as London." . . . "This fluid can be raised and disciplined into the mightiest agency over all forms of matter. . . it can destroy like the flash of lightning, yet differently applied it can replenish and invigorate life . . . By this agency they rend way through the most solid substances and open valleys for culture through the rocks. . . ."

Although a member of the "coming race" tells the narrator that "vril" is operated by some obscure psychic force, he is of the opinion that, "Mr. Faraday could have proved her a very shallow philosopher as to its extent and causes." He suggests that there is a straightforward, scientific explanation to these wonders.

LORD LYTTON scores equally strikingly in his prevision of radio: "Every room has its mechanical contrivance for melodious sounds, usually turned down to soft-murmured notes. . . . They are too accustomed to these gentle sounds to find them a hindrance (*Continued on page* 61)

IT was a little before ten in the morning when Ben Hawthorn telephoned and asked me to go round to his office in the Pichincha. I could tell from the brittle tone of his voice that something must have shaken him out of his usual good humoured lethargy. He wanted my advice on "a little matter," he said; he hoped I could come along right away. I said I would try although it was too hot to hurry; and I heard him laugh as he flung me a good old-fashioned insult in his clipped Spanish, a language he still spoke indifferently after twenty years beneath the Ecuador sun.

I put on my hat and strolled round to the Pichincha. Ben was at his desk when I went in, with most of the morning's mail unopened at his elbow. "Well, Ben?" I said, dropping to a chair. He gave me a nod, then frowned a little, dabbing at the sweat in the lines of his heavy, good-natured face, and in the greying hairs of his head.

"I've just had a letter inviting me to dinner to-night at the Tivoli," he announced. "It's an amazing thing."

I inquired gently: "Are you seeking my advice on party manners?"

"Don't be an idiot! The man who wrote this letter ought to be dead. I thought he *was* dead. I also thought he was a lunatic, but, of course, he may have recovered by now. It's three years since I've seen him. Do you remember him, Luis Campalo?"

I shook my head. And when he did not speak again, I said: "Tell me exactly what is on your mind."

"I'm wondering if I haven't side-stepped the miser's dream, that's all. What do you make of this?"

He tossed on to the desk a smooth, white stone, about the size and shape of the upper phalange of a man's thumb. I picked it up, turned it over, licked it, held it to the light.

"Limestone, I imagine."

"Are you sure? Could it be something else? Something encrusted with limestone?"

"That's possible, certainly."

"Well," said Ben. "I'd be obliged if you could find out

SENORA ran forward. "Villain, villain! Go away from here! Go away and never come back, do you understand me!"

Problem In Pebbles

Was The Gold Intended For An Inca Emperor's Ransom Still In The Lake Into Which The Ancients Had Cast It?

By Howard Jones

for certain before to-night. You're a chemist, you understand these things. There are some simple tests, aren't there?"

"The tests are simple enough," I replied. "But they'll take a little time. If you're in all that hurry it would help if I could test straight away for a specific substance. Can't you give me anything to go on?"

Ben stared at me with boyish embarrassment, then smacked his fist on the desk.

"No, hang it, the thing's too absurd! Luis was crazy, that I swear! . . . Look here, you're a well-read chap. Have you ever heard of Valverde's Guide?"

"I haven't. But even if I had, what has it got to do with this stone?"

"That's the point—it *may* have something to do with it. Valverde was a soldier in Pizarro's army at the time of the Conquest. He's supposed to have written a secret paper about the country, which he willed to Philip of Spain when he died. But, half a mo', I think there's something in Segoya about it."

He swung round and took down from a shelf behind him a leather-bound volume of Segoya's *Ancient Inca People*. "Yes, yes," he said; after a moment. "Here it is—the very words Valverde is supposed to have written. Just listen to this."

And he started to read:

"Placed in the town of Pillaro, ask for the farm of Moya and sleep the first night a good distance above it; and ask there for the mountain of Guapa, from whose top, if the day be fine, look to the east, so that thy back be towards the town of Ambato, and from thence thou shalt perceive the three Cerros Llanganati, in the form of a triangle, on whose declivity is a lake into which the ancients cast the gold they had prepared for the ransom of the Inca when they heard of his death. . . ."

"This is amusing, Ben," I interrupted. "But somehow we seem to have strayed a long way from your invitation to dine at the Tivoli. If I remember, I asked you if it was practicable to test this stone for any particular element."

Ben thoughtfully smoothed the loose flesh of his throat and narrowed his eyes at me.

"Test for gold," he said.

I stared at him, wondering if he was pulling my leg. But his face now was set and serious. I placed the stone on the desk, rose, and took up my hat.

"No, thank you. There's nothing else you wanted to consult me about, is there?"

"You mean you won't test it for me?"

"No. Why should I?"

"But I'm asking you as a personal favour."

"You're asking me to waste my time."

He closed the book, and leant back in his chair.

"Look here, old chap," he said. "I'm absolutely serious. Give me another quarter of an hour, and I'll explain the whole thing to you. If you tell me then I'm wasting your time, I'll be more than satisfied. In fact, I'll take you round to Toni's and stand you as many drinks as you can safely accommodate. Is it a bargain?"

I think it was the promise of the drinks that did it.

I sat down, and this is what he told me.

He had first met Dr. Luis Campalo at the Nacional Club in Guayaquil. What first attracted him to the little coffee-hued doctor it was difficult to say, for they seemed to have nothing in common. Ben, with his six feet of height, his broad shoulders, and his twinkling blue eyes, had *Inglese* stamped all over him. He was a bachelor, and his business was export. He liked to talk about the things he understood, copra, coffee, and kapok; he liked mystery novels and tango music; he enjoyed his occasional round of golf and game of tennis. His keen sense of humour and unending fund of stories had made him many friends.

Luis, on the other hand, had no friends. He came into the club once or twice to read the foreign papers, and to take a lonely meal at his favourite table overlooking the Plaza. He was approaching forty, small, black-haired, and rather round shouldered. His tortoiseshell glasses, with the thick pebble lenses, gave him a shy and rather remote look. He moved about very quietly, almost as if he were scared of making his presence known. Indeed, very few people noticed him; and fewer still could have told you who he was.

One evening, Ben found himself with Luis in an otherwise deserted room. The usual greetings passed between them; then Ben, who fancied his skill as a chess player, suggested a game. Luis agreed, though protesting his lack of practice. In less than an hour he had checkmated Ben three times, declaring that never in his life had he had such luck or played so well.

Ben felt a quickening interest in this apologetic little man, and, setting the board aside, ordered some drinks.

Perhaps Luis was flattered by Ben's interest. At any rate, some of his shyness fell away from him, and he began to talk of his work in the government laboratories. He was, he declared, a slave of the microscope. His duty was the examination of *Xenopsylla cheopsis*, plague-bearing fleas which had been combed from dead rats. Sometimes he looked at cacao beans and cotton for signs for fungus disease, but fleas were his main occupation. "It is a dreary and monotonous life," he said, spreading his hands. "Of no consequence to anyone except to me and the fleas and the rats."

Ben heard him with respect. He knew that in recent years the incidence of plague in Guayaquil had been reduced almost to vanishing point, and he did not doubt that the doctor's work had had a great deal to do with it. As Luis talked, Ben realized he was intelligent, well-informed, and shrewd. But Ben experienced, too, a strange impression of bewilderment, of frustration almost. There was, he decided, something about this shy and clever little man which did not ring true.

This impression grew stronger in the subsequent weeks. They played many games of chess together, and became so friendly that they called each other by their first names. Yet Ben felt he did not really know Luis. He was convinced now that his friend's shyness was a cloak, perhaps unconsciously assumed,

which hid some other aspect of his character. This notion both challenged and disturbed him. One evening he went to Luis's house on the Malecón, and spent some time looking at books, and poring over mounted specimens of moths, butterflies, and beetles. He had hoped in this way to pick up a clue which might shed light on the doctor's true personality. But he was disappointed. As he strolled homeward in the light of a brilliant December moon, he was, he reflected, wiser in only one particular.

He had discovered that clever little Luis Campalo was a severely henpecked man.

Ben considered himself an easy-going fellow, especially where women were concerned. But Senora Campalo was the rare type of woman which aroused in him a positive hostility. He disliked everything about her. He disliked her largeness and the greasiness of her skin. He disliked her indecent possessiveness for Luis. He disliked her opinions which he thought narrow, reactionary, and selfish. He disliked her great long hands with the blood-coloured nails, which somehow reminded him of an eagle's talons. She was like an eagle, he thought, strong, possessive, hostile. Her tongue was a whip-lash, and it angered him to observe Luis's easy submission to her.

How is it, thought Ben—how is it that a man of intelligence can abase himself in such a way? Could it be that Luis was really a coward at heart? Ben could not find an answer, but he realized that Senora Campalo was a formidable and most distasteful person, and he was stirred anew with sympathy for his friend.

Shortly after this occasion, Luis sought out Ben one evening at the club. "Oh, Pen," he said (he never could overcome that initial letter!)—"Oh, Pen, you're a business man, perhaps you will help me. I want to buy a diving outfit, one of those—how do you call them?—ah, yes, a deep-sea outfit! Can you assist me, do you think?"

"Whatever do you want a diving outfit for?" asked Ben, with a laugh. The doctor laughed, too.

"Why, for diving, Pen."

He volunteered no further information, and Ben, presuming it was a matter of official confidence, asked no more questions. A man employed by the Department of Health and Sanitation, as Luis was, might find a dozen possible uses for diving gear. Ben promised to see what could be done, and after some fruitless local inquiries, managed to purchase a complete outfit very reasonably through a shipping agent at Colón. As soon as it arrived, he sent it across to the laboratory, and thought no more about it.

When he again visited Luis's house a few weeks later, he sensed at once a hardening of Senora Campalo's attitude towards him. This did not trouble him, for in any case the antipathy was mutual. They were served at dinner with the ubiquitous *chili con carne*, and Ben, conforming to custom, complimented his hostess on the excellence of the cooking.

Senora laughed, and her eyes flashed dangerously.

"Thank you, thank you, sir! I confess I find it not so good as usual, a little indifferent, I think. But there, they say you Britishers will enjoy anything set before you—roast beef and boiled cabbage, yes? I have a friend who was in England once, and she says the people there will eat anything set before them, like pigs."

"Like pigs," said Ben.

And then he stopped, his teeth hard on his lip. Senora continued to tilt gaily against British characteristics in general and certain British personalities in particular. But Ben would not be drawn. He saw through her clearly: jealous of his friendship for Luis, she meant to be rid of him. She was spoiling for a fight, but he wouldn't fight! He smiled benignly at her, and endeavoured to convey by his manner that he saw through her game, and held her in contempt. She must have understood, for she suddenly stopped in the middle of a sentence.

Her lips screwed into a sneer, her eyes dropped, and her long fingers scratched and scratched at the lace work of the tablecloth. It was a relief when the meal ended, and the two men were able to escape to the study.

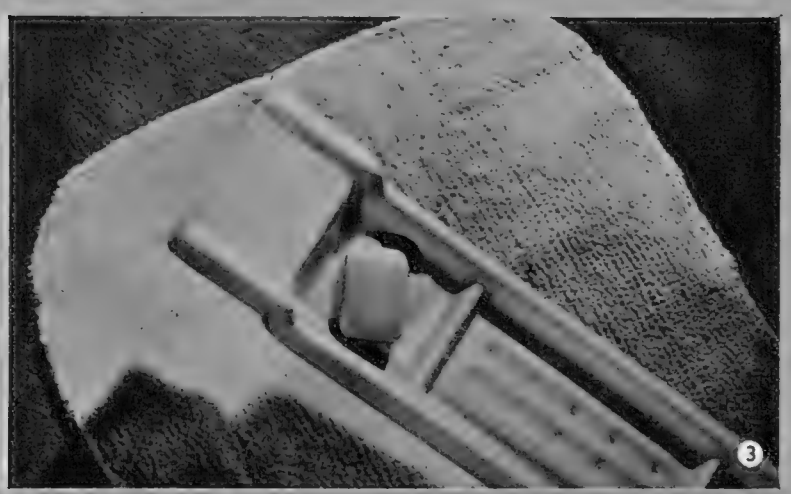
Luis gave no sign that he was aware of the unpleasantness at the dinner table. He turned at once to some new specimens of *lepidoptera* he had just acquired: one moth, a huge and fantastically beautiful thing from the jungle, he was particularly proud of. Ben examined it, nodding his approval. And then, as he lifted his head, he saw the diving suit in a chair against the window.

"Hallo, been trying it on?" he asked, lightly.

"I have indeed," (*Continued on page* 54)

HE tossed on the desk a smooth, white stone. I picked it up, turned it over, licked it, held it to the light

Give your HOME a present



ALTHOUGH many essential things for the home are difficult to get at the moment, there are quite a number of decorative accessories now in the shops. If you cannot get your home a new carpet, you can at least give it a new touch of colour in the form of plastic ware for the kitchen, the dining table and the bathroom, available in a wide range of lovely shades ; a gaily decorated waste-paper basket or a bouquet of everlasting flowers framed as a picture.

If you would like further details of the items illustrated on this page, write to The Editor, Women's Section, " Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped envelope.

1. A three-tier aluminium casserole which will cook three separate dishes simultaneously. 17s. 6d.

2. Plastic tableware. A covered dish, the lid of which will serve as a second bowl. 37s. 6d. Hors d'œuvres dish, 67s. 6d.

3. A thick pile, candlewick type bath mat, 25 in. by 40 in. In several colours. 38s. Plastic soap-rack to fit any size bath, in pink, blue, yellow and green. 34s. 10d.

4. Delicate glass and chromium dressing-table or cocktail tray. In cream, green and blue with floral motif. 41s. 6d. Plastic powder-bowl with transparent lid. 1 guinea.

5. Wall plaque of real flowers, glazed and framed in whitewood. Several sizes from 30s. to 10 guineas.

Planning A

The Royal Special Licence for the wedding of Princess Elizabeth and Lieutenant Mountbatten.

FOR any bride, the last days before the wedding are days of tension. For the Princess Elizabeth these last weeks before her wedding have the same quality of tension and nervous strain that they hold for the humblest bride-to-be in her vast Empire. But with this difference. The Princess's preoccupation will be on an infinitely bigger scale, since she is to be the central figure in a ceremony that must go into official history, and be recounted in detail in every language in the world.

Consider the guest list. An ordinary bride has merely to regulate the number of people she wants at the wedding to the number she can arrange for. A Princess of the Realm cannot work to such a simple formula; invitations to her wedding must include officials and representatives of Empire and foreign Governments as well as her intimate circle of friends. So vast are the ramifications that after the King and Queen, Princess Elizabeth and Lieutenant Mountbatten have named the relations and friends they wish to be present, the Lord Chamberlain's office takes over, and the great machine of organisation begins to turn and deals with the colossal task of distributing the remaining invitations and arranging how the guests will sit in Westminster Abbey, which holds about 2000 people.

THE matter of choosing the church in which she would be married and deciding the day and time was a national rather than a personal concern for Princess Elizabeth; once the King had made his decision that despite austerity his daughter's wedding would be held in Westminster Abbey at 11.30 a.m. on November 20, there was no possibility that there would be a prior booking for the chosen time and date—something which can upset the plans of less-important brides.

Choosing the officiating clergy is another matter in which custom takes a hand; like other members of the House of Windsor, the Princess will be married by the Archbishop of Canterbury, with the Archbishop of York, the Dean of Westminster and probably the Precentor of Westminster assisting.

ACTUALLY there is no precedent for the marriage of the Heiress-Presumptive at Westminster Abbey, for the last time such an event occurred was on May 2, 1816, when the fair-haired Princess Charlotte, whose father, George IV., was then Prince Regent, became the wife of Prince Leopold, the handsome younger son of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld, in the great crimson salon of Carlton House. The ceremony took place soon after nine o'clock at night. The Princess wore a gown of gossamer draperies shining with diamonds and silver, with a train of silver brocade, and a wreath of diamond roses in her hair; her bridegroom wore English military uniform with a sword and belt studded with diamonds. The Tower guns thundered out the news of the wedding all over London as the Royal couple left by coach for their honeymoon, and the forthright Princess is reported to have said, "Dear me! What a *great* many people," as they drove through the cheering crowds.

After Charlotte's unhappy death in childbed a year later, Leopold accepted the crown of Belgium; he was the uncle to the Prince Consort as well as being the "dear Uncle Leopold" to whom Queen Victoria wrote so often and affectionately.

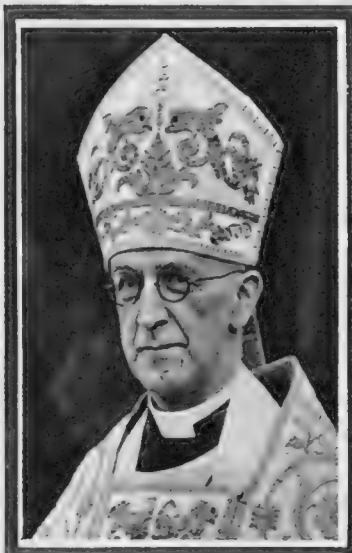
Victoria herself was already Queen of England when she was married to her beloved Albert on February 10, 1840; she wore a gown of white satin with a lace flounce, and a veil hanging down over each shoulder; a wreath of orange-blossom was set on her hair, and her decorations were the Order of the Garter and a heavy necklace and earrings of diamonds. The wedding was at the Chapel Royal of St. James's Palace (it is only since 1922 that Royal weddings have been solemnised at Westminster Abbey, beginning with that of the Princess Royal on February 22 of that year) and Victoria and Albert returned through a drift of rain to a wedding breakfast at Buckingham Palace. But the fabulous wedding-cake, three yards in circumference, weighing three hundredweight and decorated with Cupids, true-lovers' knots,

The wedding of King George VI. and Queen Elizabeth in Westminster Abbey, April 26, 1923.

Royal Wedding

Plans for a wedding are a major preoccupation for any bride, but JOYCE LAMBERT tells something of the task involved in preparing a ceremony fit for a Princess.

two symbolic figures holding hands, and a model of Britannia, was not cut until the State banquet held that night at St. James's Palace — a party not attended by the Royal couple, who had long since left for their honeymoon at Windsor Castle in an old travelling coach !



Dr. Fisher, Archbishop of Canterbury, who will conduct the marriage service on November 20.

THOUGH it is probable that Princess Elizabeth, like her great-great-grandmother, will be married in white satin—exact details of the gown which Norman Hartnell is making for her have not at the time of writing this been definitely revealed—there will be no State banquet following her wedding, and the main wedding-cake will be considerably smaller and certainly less highly decorated than Victoria's was. It is almost certain that the party following the wedding will be an intimate family reception at Buckingham Palace. As for the cake which the Princess will cut, it will have been made by an important firm of English confectioners from ingredients sent to her in lieu of a more formal wedding present by the Girl Guides of Australia.

This last is a point in which Princess Elizabeth is akin to every other bride of these difficult post-war years: all of them have learned that, in these days, practical presents are the best ones.

Westminster Abbey, where the Royal marriage will take place on November 20.

The marriage of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert in the Chapel Royal of St. James's Palace. From the painting by Sir George Haytor.

Reproduced by gracious permission of His Majesty the King.

Knitted Lace Blouse

MATERIALS : 6 ozs. of 3-ply Jester " Fashion Fingering " ; one pair each of No. 9 and No. 12 knitting needles ; 3 yards of white trimming ; 1½ yards of white cross-way binding ; ½ yard of narrow ribbon ; two buttons.
MEASUREMENTS : From the top of shoulder to lower edge, 17 ins. ; across the back and front underarms, 17 ins. ; underarm of sleeve, 5 ins.
TENSION : 7 sts. to 1 in.

THE FRONT

With No. 9 needles cast on 119 sts.

1st, 2nd and 3rd rows.—Knit.

4th row.—* K. 3, m. 1, k. 2 tog. Repeat from * to end.

5th and 6th rows.—Knit. Continue in the following 4 rows of pattern :

1st row.—* P. 1, k. 1, m. 1, k. 3 tog., m. 1, k. 1, p. 1. Repeat from * to end.

2nd row.—* K. 1, p. 5, k. 1. Repeat from * to end.

3rd row.—* P. 1, m. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., m. 1, p. 1. Repeat from * to end.

4th row.—As 2nd row.

Continue until 10 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. K. 2 tog. each end of every row until 84 sts. remain.

SHAPE NECK

Work 28 sts., cast off 28 sts., work 28 sts. Work on the last (*Continued on page* 56)

ABBREVIATIONS : *K. = knit ; p. = purl ; st. = stitch ; sts. = stitches ; dec. = decrease ; inc. = increase ; tog. = together ; beg. = beginning ; m. = make ; s. = slip ; p.s.s.o. = pass slip stitch over.*

Winter House Cape

MATERIALS : 6 ozs. of Sirdar " Majestic " 2-ply wool ; one pair each of No. 8, No. 10 and No. 12 knitting needles ; 4 yards of trimming ; 1 yard of ribbon.
TENSION : 6 sts. to 1 in.

With No. 8 needles cast on 131 sts. Moss stitch 5 rows.

Change to the following pattern, *keeping 5 sts. at each end* in moss stitch.

1st row.—Moss st. 5,* k. 1, w.f., k. 2, s. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o. the 2 tog., k. 2, w.f. Repeat from * ending k. 1, moss st. 5.

2nd and every alternate row.—Moss st. 5, purl to within 5 sts., moss st. 5.

3rd row.—Moss st. 5,* k. 2, w.f., k. 1, s. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 1, w.f., k. 1. Repeat from * ending k. 1, moss st. 5.

5th row.—Moss st. 5,* k. 3, w.f., s. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., w.f., k. 2. Repeat from * ending k. 1, moss st. 5.

7th row.—Moss st. 5, k. 2 tog., k. 2, w.f., k. 1. w.f., k. 2, * s. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 2, w.f., k. 1, k. 2. Repeat from * ending k. 2 tog., moss st. 5.

9th row.—Moss st. 5, k. 2 tog., k. 1, w.f., k. 3, w.f., k. 1, * s. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 1, w.f., k. 3, w.f., k. 1. Repeat from * ending k. 2 tog., moss st. 5.

11th row.—Moss st. 5, k. 2 tog., w.f., k. 5, w.f., * s. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., w.f., k. 5, w.f. Repeat from * ending k. 2. tog. Moss st. 5.

12th row.—As 2nd row.

These 12 rows form pattern. Continue until 17 ins. from the cast-on edge. (*Continued on page* 56)

From Six O'clock Till Midnight

Winter poses the problem of party dresses. How, on a coupon budget, to hold one's own with evening clothes, both formal and informal, which will make repeated appearances without loss of face.

Details of the dresses and where they can be obtained will be sent on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope to the Fashion Department, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

A black faille restaurant suit, equally good for cocktail parties and formal afternoon wear, has the new nipped-in waist and softly-rounded hips. Percy Trilnick model, app. 12½ guineas.

Another Trilnick model for informal evening wear in nylon Poult has a sweetheart neck, and achieves the fuller hipline with rows of frilling below a narrow waist. Black, navy or Bordeaux. Price, app. £8 15s.

(Right.) Debutante dress by Rosalinde Gilbert in pastel blue, gold or black moire with shoulder-straps of silver beading supporting an off-the-shoulder bodice. The Rosalinde Gilbert model on the extreme right has a detachable "middy" jacket, heavily embroidered in front with iridescent sequins, which, when removed, reveals a svelte sleeveless gown with embroidered shoulder-straps. Both these dresses are £15 15s.

Fashion

Schiaparelli (above), still going her own highly individual way, an established revolutionary. Her new 1948 skirt (below) is tightly fitted to the knee and flaring below it.

IT is not, even now, quite certain who fired the first shot, but there is a war on. The new Battle of the Bulge, the bulging hips, is raging, and the Resistance Movement against Longer Skirts is spreading its influence over continents. Women have declared war on Fashion, and at this stage of the contest, nobody will dare to say to whom the final victory may go.

It is an intriguing situation, if only because it poses the question "Is Fashion losing its age-old influence?" Are women freeing themselves from the leading-strings which from time to time have imprisoned them in crinoline cages, crippled them in hobble skirts, and sentenced them to reveal their knees, and more, whether or not the revelation was advisable or even kind?

The strength of the present struggle against Fashion's latest dictum seems formidable enough, but behind the clamour there is an unmistakable hint of defeatism, which, as one reporting from the battle-ground, I interpret as a strong tip for the ultimate victory of Fashion. "Have we really *got* to wear those awful skirts?" goes up the plaintive cry. Not much will to victory about that, would you say?

All the same, the years of liberation from the tyranny of Fashion which the war gave us; those years when a pair of slacks, a uniform and a neat, if unglamorous, hair-roll were accepted as sound "tools for the job," have given us an independence which we shall not tamely surrender.

"How," says the average woman, "can we submit to eccentric fashions when the important thing is to get a dress—any dress?" Very true. "What is the point of a new dress down to your ankles, when your last season's coat, which must be this season's also, is half-way to your knees?" Of course it doesn't make sense, but did Fashion ever make sense? Do women really want it to?

The strength of Fashion lies in its irresistible appeal to the feminine passion for change, no less than to the very human impulse to be "up with the times."

Propaganda is the strongest weapon in Fashion's armoury. The publicity which the current war is exciting is probably achieving more for the cause of the Longer Skirt and the Pinched-In Waist than anything else. It has made

Christian Dior uses immense fullness in skirts, half-way down the calf.

goes to WAR

women aware of them, and awareness of a new fashion is only one step to wearing it.

But who are the people behind the fashions? Who are the instigators of these revolutions, and why do they do it?

Paris is, of course, the breeding-ground, the place where fashions are born—not always to survive in their original form, but, nevertheless, the source of inspiration. The fashions which originate in Paris, baffling as they may sometimes seem to the average woman's taste, make their way from Wigan to the Warbash and from Tooting to Timbuctoo, turning up in such a form that they can scarcely be identified with the original.

The leaders of the current fashion revolution in Paris are Christian Dior (that quiet little man who has emerged since the Liberation to create the greatest stir that even Paris has seen for many years); Jacques Fath, the *enfant terrible* of the Parisian couture world; Pierre Balmain, Jacques Costet and Marcel Rochas; with the irrepressible Schiaparelli going her own highly individual way.

These designers maintain that Fashion was in a rut. Something had to be done about it, and when the couture world decides to do something, the fur and silk begin, literally, to fly.

Christian Dior's contribution is typical; impracticable by present British standards but, to women, irresistible.

Jacques Fath is in the forefront of the movement for the longer skirt. His skirt length is 12 in. from the ground for sports wear and 10 in. for the afternoons.

Marcel Rochas, who, in 1934, dared to lift skirt hems to near the knees, now pulls them down to 8 in. from the ground.

Pierre Balmain declares that the new skirt lengths are *not* crazy but merely a return to femininity, "and femininity," he declares "means hiding a little more of the body." This, of course, is irrefutable.

So, coupons and common sense may wage war against Fashion, but as appeal to the eternal feminine has seldom been known to fail, my guess is that the War on Fashion will end in compromise.

WINIFRED LEWIS.

(Above.) Marcel Rochas lifted skirts to the knee in 1934; now drops them to the ankle. (Below.) Christian Dior, the Parisian whose post-war designs have achieved international fame.

(Left.) A 1948 model by Jacques Fath, the "enfant terrible" of the Parisian couture world.

In Search of Glamour

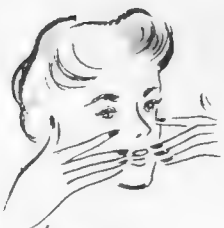
Have you ever noticed how slowly men react to new clothes and how quickly they react to new make-up or a new hair-style? You may wear a dress or hat for months and then one day your man will say, "I like you in that. It 's new, isn't it?" If he does not like it, he will probably say nothing at all, but you will have to wait a long time before you can be sure of success or failure. If you try your hair in a new way, you can tell a man's reaction at once, and to a lesser degree, this is true of make-up. You will either receive a definite compliment; you will be told you are looking well; or you will be asked if you are feeling tired . . .

Jane Gordon.

1 Cleansing cream...

2 Skin Tonic...

3 Eye Lotion...



4 Foundation...

5 Rouge...

6 Eye Shadow...

7 Powder...

8 Eye lash cosmetic...

9 Lipstick...

THERE is more to successful make-up than meets the eye, and it is surprising how few women know the correct technique. I saw an expert demonstration the other day and it was well worth careful study. So I am going to describe it to you stage by stage . . .

1. The foundation for all satisfactory make-up is an immaculate face, and you must use the preparation which best suits your type of skin. For the normal complexion a cleansing milk is especially good. It is now quite easy to find any number of these. One of the best is Anne French. Some women, especially those with greasy skins, prefer a liquefying cleansing cream. The Yardley liquefying cleansing cream is well known, and so is their cleansing milk, which is used as a quick cleanser. I also like Arden's liquefying cleansing cream. For the dry and sensitive skin, and also for the weather-beaten complexion, a cleansing cream should be used. Daggett and Ramsdell's is good for this purpose; so is Rubenstein's pasteurised cream.
2. The next step is to tone up the complexion before applying the make-up. The coarse or greasy skin needs a skin freshener or skin tonic. Max Factor's skin freshener is excellent for this purpose, and as a mild skin tonic, nothing can beat Arden's. For the young and super-sensitive skin a good rinse with cool or cold water does the trick.
3. It is extremely important to take off any remains of eyelash cosmetic before applying your make-up, and if you are lucky enough to have a bottle of Optrex, treat the eyes to an eyebath half-filled with this eye tonic.
4. You must now choose your powder foundation. If you use a solid powder base, such as Max Factor's pancake, you will get the best result by softening the skin first of all with a very sparing application of invisible foundation cream. This should be smoothed on lightly with the finger-tips over the cheeks towards the temples and over the chin and forehead. It is also wise to use an invisible foundation cream in this way before a liquid powder foundation. The majority of women like a tinted powder foundation. A new tinted make-up base is Yardley's, in blonde, medium or bronze. There is Coty's Sub-Tint and Arden's Amoretta cream in three shades.
5. At this stage you should apply a cream rouge. A good tip in applying cream rouge is to smile broadly at yourself in the mirror. This gives you the outline of your cheekbones. Keep the rouge as high as possible, shade towards the temples; never bring rouge low down on your cheeks, unless your face is too plump, or you will give the impression of hollow cheeks.
6. If you use eye-shadow, use grey or brown only in the day. For deep-set eyes, shade lightly under the eyebrows and not on the lids; for pop-eyes, shade on the lids, but not under the eyebrows.
7. Pat on the powder. Powder the nose last and not first. If you powder the nose first, you will accentuate its size, and as this is the most prominent feature on your face, it should not be accentuated.

(*Continued on page* 66)

Madame Bovary

HOW "Madame Bovary" came to be written is one of the romances of literature. Flaubert, obsessed by the exotic and oriental, had drafted "The Temptation of Saint Anthony" and read it to his friends, who were not at all impressed. Louis Bouilhet, particularly, was disappointed. Why not choose a subject nearer ordinary life, he pleaded, reminding Flaubert of old Mme Delamare's son, a doctor, who had been ruined by an extravagant, over-romantic wife and driven to suicide by her infidelity. Wasn't that a theme for a novel? Flaubert wasn't kindled by the *bourgeois* husband; but the wife, now. . . . Couldn't he model her partly on his own exacting mistress, Louise Colet? The idea germinated, the story took shape—and became a masterpiece.

Mr. Francis Steegmuller's **"Flaubert and Madame Bovary"** (Collins, 12s. 6d.) is an absorbing study of the young novelist, his mistress and friends, and the Croisset background in which he wrote. It discloses in such intimate detail the heart, mind and workshop of a genius that the book, growing under his hand, might be ours, and the strangely tortured life something we, too, had lived.

Books:

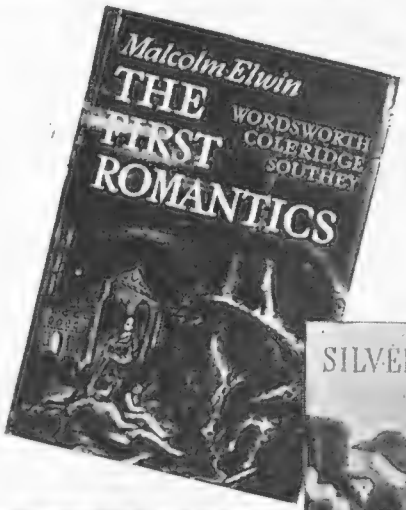
Reviewed by

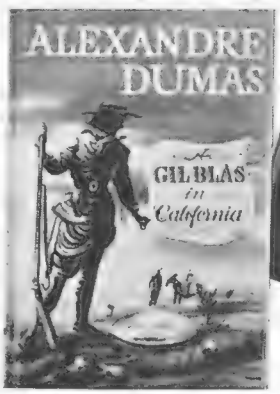
Trevor Allen

FANNY KEMBLE was an unusual actress. "The theatrical profession," she said, "was utterly distasteful to me, though acting itself . . . was not." Cast to play Desdemona, she confessed, "I feel horribly at the idea of being murdered in my bed." She would dissect her own acting more ruthlessly than any critic, with no illusions that she was an inspired genius. She married a young, rich, American admirer, and then discovered that his plantation wealth derived from Negro slave-labour, which was repugnant to her humanitarian principles and led to their separation after she had borne him two daughters. Mr. Henry Gibbs writes a sympathetic study of the first half of her life, up to 1849—with extracts from her own copious writings—in **"Affectionately Yours, Fanny"** (Jarrolds, 18s.), a book for all interested in backstage life.

U.S. composer Mr. George Antheil seems to have had a unique introduction to music as a child in his native Trenton, New Jersey. Two old maids moved in next door and annoyed his parents by thumping the piano—"The Maiden's Prayer," and "Star of the Sea" and all that—day and night, almost non-stop. After they suddenly vanished it transpired that the anything-but-heavenly strains had been a "cover" for a jail-break by sixteen men who were digging tunnels to the old maids' cellar from an adjacent prison yard. . . . But then isn't music virtually an "escape from prison" for most of us? It took Mr. Antheil to Europe, where he made interesting contacts with people like Ezra Pound, W. B. Yeats, James Joyce, Stravinsky, Hauptmann, Werfel, Emil Ludwig, of whom he tells intimate anecdotes in a volume of light memoirs, **"Bad Boy of Music"** (Hurst & Blackett, 12s. 6d.). The man who scored a *Ballet Mécanique* for "machines and aeroplane propeller" doesn't do too badly with the old-fashioned pen.

IT is remarkable—our philosophic concern with those Lake Poets who simply contrived to live in one of the loveliest parts of Britain and sing beauties for better or worse. One can imagine them piping up from Poets' Limbo, saying: "Why all this fuss? We did a job of work in our own way just where we wanted to—that's all." Mr. Malcolm Elwin spares no pains to correlate the trip—Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey—in **"The First Romantics"** (MacDonald, 15s.). He is an expert student and writer, but one begs leave to think that a little less vinegar on the Wordsworths, William and Dorothy, would have made the hash a little more palatable. William may sometimes have been a bit of a bore; so are we all—without the poetry. Mr. Elwin probes, challenges, and certainly makes us think.





ANOTHER group on which we never tire of speculating is the Brontës. Apropos the centenary of "Jane Eyre," "Wuthering Heights" and "Agnes Grey," Mr. Royston Millmore even claims that they have "become a cult in which the self-conscious *literati* turn dewy-eyed at the mention of their name." There's no dew in *his* eye—only a dry regard for bare facts, as he sees them, in a **"Brief Life of the Brontës"** (11 Heights Lane, Bradford, 5s.), a handy pocket outline for Haworth pilgrims.

FOR the period of which they were part, let me commend Mr. Mark Edward Perugini's **"Victorian Days and Ways"** (Jarrolds, 7s. 6d.) illustrated from "Punch" jokes and contemporary prints. After the last ration cuts I am ready to abase myself before "the giant Victorian draymen, in their white smocks and red 'pirate' caps, who periodically delivered casks of wholesome English beer at almost every private house," and all the other lush compensations of this benighted reign. Nostalgic? Why, reading the "Inner Man" chapter on eats and drinks I've nearly sobbed my heart out. An admirable panorama, covering most aspects of social life.

ONE lifts eyebrows somewhat when an established novelist quits his medium for a surrealist experiment in dithyrambic drama. Mr. Nigel Balchin's **"Lord, I Was Afraid"** (Collins, 12s. 6d.) purports to be a "kind of super-play" in which "seven characters represent seven different types of the generation that came to maturity after the 1914-1918 war." Part is profoundly satirically philosophic, part plumb crazy. Time may prove it a work of genius or a museum freak; I wouldn't know. I can only slink away, shaken and numbled, mumbling quotes from the book which echo my own reactions: ". . . if the impossible were possible, then the insoluble might be solved." . . . "I wish they'd get on, whatever they're going to do. This is very dull." . . . "She expresses the inexpressible in three-dimensional form. . . . They think highly of her in some hind quarters."

IN "Silver Nutmeg" (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.) Miss Norah Lofts projects her vivid story-telling talent into seventeenth-century Dutch East Indies, when nutmeg-smuggling had its part in the conflict between colonizing Dutch and Indonesians. A love-romance between high-born Annabet (*Continued on page 68*)

Make-Up To Match

I BELIEVE that few women fully realize the importance of the relationship between cosmetic colours and clothes colours. In the past the prevailing tendency has been to choose make-up which flatters the skin and colouring. That, of course, is still essential. What we now realize is that the co-relation of colour can be carried a step further to make clothes more flattering to one's individual colouring by the use of cosmetics carefully chosen to enhance them.

The colour trend in fashion shows emphasis on the whole range of browns from mole to deep chocolate, through the range of spice, cinnamon and snuff to deep raisin and cocoa shades. There are yellows and flames too with bluish-greens, greys allied with pinky-red, smoky blues, yellowish-greens and a dramatic, brilliant red.

One Mayfair beauty specialist, who has advised several of the big designers on make-up to go with their autumn collections, says that we must bid good-bye to the pink and white skin. "The new look is soft and glowing," she says, "and lipsticks are darker."

This make-up emphasizes the face against a neutral or dull-toned background and gives vividness when bright colours are worn. A new colour has been launched by this beauty specialist. It is "Montezuma" Red and it is starred for wear with red, black, white, grey, beige, navy and tweeds. This is a glowing red which will give a lift to clothes and spirits on the dull winter days.

"Cinnabar" is another shade suggested to be worn with brown, beige, snuff, plum and yellowish-green. It also looks well with furs of all kinds. "Radiant Peony"—a shade with a hint of mauve in it—goes perfectly with the bluish-greens, smoky blues, as well as with wine, black and grey.

With the lovely moon blue which is used so much for evening "Ballet Pink" could not be improved upon; it goes also with all tones of grey for evening. For daytime "Chestnut"—a lovely golden tone—is recommended to bring out the best effects with tobacco brown and greys.

If nail varnish cannot be bought in shades of the same name as the other make-up (and in many cases it can) at least it can be carefully selected to harmonize with the lipstick. If not, let well alone and choose a soft pale pink or naturelle.

WHEN making-up remember that it is smart to use one of the new warm-toned all-day foundations. Many of these look much darker in pot or bottle than they are when applied to the skin, so do not be misled into buying a very light shade. In order to give the face a young, soft glow wipe off the powder to give faint highlights. The matt skin is no longer fashionable.

Mould the lips with a brush. In America some beauty firms are packing a tiny brush with their lipsticks, but as yet I have not seen this done over here. Use the brush to shape the lips expressively and naturally, and if you can't get a brush a tiny piece of cotton wool wrapped round an orange stick is quite effective. This method is more lasting and economical than the direct application of lipstick to the mouth. Of course it can only be done in private; carry the lipstick alone for running repairs.

Eyebrows and lashes must be clearly defined with mascara, but for smartness there must be no heavy make-up and no artificiality. If eye-shadow is used it must be a mere trace to emphasize the colour of the eyes very delicately.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY BY CHRYSIS

If you want help with your beauty problems or further details of preparations mentioned in these articles, write to me at "Britannia & Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope

November Handicaps

THE best way to win the November health and beauty handicap and to defeat winter ills is, for once, to meet trouble halfway and try a little prevention. There is too much nonsense talked about poor health due to "conditions" nowadays and too little constructive effort to find suitable antidotes.

The lovely sunshine we have enjoyed during the past summer provides a wonderful background for health during the coming winter. Foggy November days are depressing to the skin, the spirits and the sinus. But you start the fight against them with good reserve forces.

Get out of doors as much as circumstances let you. Coddling indoors is the source of many ailments. Wrap up warmly at throat, hands and feet. These are the points where cold strikes and causes red noses and chilblains. When you get out of doors, for your walking exercise, walk really briskly and enjoy it. Square your shoulders and swing from the hips and know that you are doing a good job for your figure as well as for your health.

Eat all your rations—particularly the fats—and if you are a housewife give up sharing with the family as so many are in the habit of doing. Make a habit of eating a light, nourishing lunch so that you get all the vitamins necessary to keeping you fit.

Carbohydrates give the body immediate heat and energy. Their sources are sugar and starches, such as bread, potatoes, peas, beans, sweets and so on. In winter they should certainly not be neglected. The fats are found in fat meat, butter, margarine, suet, lard, milk and all kinds of fish. Particularly nutritious and rich in vitamin D are tinned salmon, herrings and sardines.

A good oily tonic, such as halibut oil capsules, will help to keep away colds. Two of these capsules a day—taken regularly from November right through the winter until March build up resistance to an important degree.

Chilblains should be dealt with immediately they appear. Feet should never be warmed at the fire. Instead immerse them in a foot-bath of hot water for a few moments. Finish off with a brisk rub, using a rough towel.

At night a little anti-chilblain ointment should be rubbed into the sore parts (I can tell you of one or two if you write to me) and the feet should be kept far from a hot-water bottle. Soaking the feet once or twice a day in very hot water, to which has been added a handful of commercial Epsom salts, or coarse kitchen salt, is wonderful for taking out the inflammation. The water must be kept very hot and renewed as soon as it cools. Chilblains on the hands are unsightly as well as painful. Keep them at bay by regular nightly massage and exercise. Rub the joints of the fingers particularly with a firm movement and flex the fingers constantly to keep the circulation brisk.

Eyes that water and noses that turn red are cold weather blemishes which spell ruin to the looks. Make a habit of bathing the eyes night and morning with cold, boiled water and a good eye tonic. This has a strengthening effect and stops "streaming." At the same time clear the sinus night and morning by a nasal douche made with a mild solution of salt and water. This is effective in preventing cold germs from getting a hold.

The nightly use of a good, nourishing skin cream will keep the skin texture supple and prevent it cracking and chapping in cold and windy weather. There is an excellent one of which I can give details to interested readers if they will write to me. It is specially good for augmenting the diminishing supply of natural oils in a dry skin and keeps the face youthful.

Bathing the nose with hot and cold water alternately *at night* stimulates the circulation which is so often sluggish in this part. Make-up with one of the new all-day foundations, and use an extra spot or two on the nose. A little darker shade of powder used on the nose will also help to make redness less obvious.

Hair-Raising Topics

LOVELY hair is more than a hair-do. It means constant brushing upwards from the neck—never down. This helps to distribute the natural oils to a dry scalp and to remove the excess from a too-greasy one.

Oily hair must be shampooed at least every ten days. It needs, also, plenty of scalp massage. Work firmly with the finger-tips, pulling and moving the scalp until you can feel the blood tingling. It also needs nightly setting with a light spirit lotion (and there are some to be found with a little trouble). Failing this a little eau-de-Cologne or lavender water, slightly diluted with water, make excellent setting substitutes.

Dandruff requires specially careful treatment. It is ruinous to the appearance, disastrous to the scalp health and it often causes pimples and acne on the skin of the face and shoulders. There are several good anti-dandruff preparations about which I can tell you more if you write to me.

Before a perm. it is wise to give your hair a few warm oil treatments. Ordinary castor-oil, warmed and rubbed into the scalp an hour or two before the shampoo is excellent. Use not more than a dessertspoonful. Warm it by standing the bottle in a saucepan of hot water. Pure Vaseline is also good.

Cutting is an all-important part of hair care—from the hair health point of view as well as from the beauty angle. One inexpert cut can ruin the hair for months to come, which no amount of skilful setting will be able to counteract until the hair has grown out. And hair grows, on the average, only about half an inch a month!

Nursery Gymnastics

These exercises which have been devised by a qualified physiotherapist to strengthen the muscles and tone the circulation, are simple enough for any mother to do. The baby can start the exercises when he is four months old. Do them before the meal or bathing time, never after the meal or bath

1 For the neck and spine. Hold feet with one hand and gently lift the baby with the other under its back. The baby's head touches the table for support and the chest is well pushed out.

2 For strengthening the arms and shoulders. Hold the baby's legs firmly in one hand and place the other hand under its tummy. Let the baby walk on its hands, keeping the arms straight.

3 To develop the muscles of the hands and arms. Let the baby get hold of your thumbs and hold its hands with very slight pressure. Make sure the baby sits with a straight back.

4 To strengthen the hips, legs and back. Grasp the baby's legs just below the knee. Keeping the knees straight, bend the legs from the hips, using slight forward pressure.

5 To tone the leg muscles. Grasp the baby's ankles as shown in the picture and slowly bend and extend the baby's legs in a cycling movement. Only gradually quicken the pace.

6 To improve the circulation. Grasp the baby's legs as shown in the illustration. This helps to keep the legs steady. Slowly describe a circling movement with alternate legs.

Home Helps On The Way

IF asked what are the major difficulties in running a home to-day, most women will answer, "the lack of reliable help."

By a sad sort of inverse ratio, the less food available, the more time it takes to plan and prepare meals, and the longer time spent in queuing for the ingredients. Being a housewife to-day is a good deal more than a full-time job!

That is why the activities of the National Institute of Houseworkers make encouraging news. Their London headquarters were officially opened earlier this year, and they now have two training centres—at Oxford and Chilton Cantelo—in operation. Between them, these two centres are capable of training sixty-five women and girls each six months. A drop in the bucket, you may say: but everything must have its beginning—and this organization plans to have a further three or four training centres open before the end of the year.

Briefly, the National Institute of Houseworkers came into being as a result of the celebrated Markham Report on the Post-War Organization of Domestic Employment, and its purpose is to "raise the status of domestic employment and to attract more workers into the profession."

How will they do it? By training suitable applicants in the efficient running of a home, thus providing a worthwhile career for girls, and at the same time contributing towards easier conditions in homes all over the country.

The course of training for women and girls of eighteen and over (special arrangements are made for girls entering the Institute under the age of eighteen), will normally last six months. The Institute has Government support, which enables it to provide the training free. At the end of that time, a trainee should be able to deal competently with all the different jobs that go to running a home. The Institute Diploma—awarded after she has taken practical tests at the end of her course—will mean that a houseworker has reached certain standards of ability in cooking, housecraft, laundry, simple needlework and home budgeting.

The Institute believes that if the right type of girl is to be attracted to domestic work, she must have reasonably good—and clearly defined—working conditions. Employers will be asked to agree to accept the Institute's standardized wages and working conditions. The minimum weekly wage for adults is £3 4s. for non-residents, and £1 14s. for residents. Wage scales vary according to age and experience.

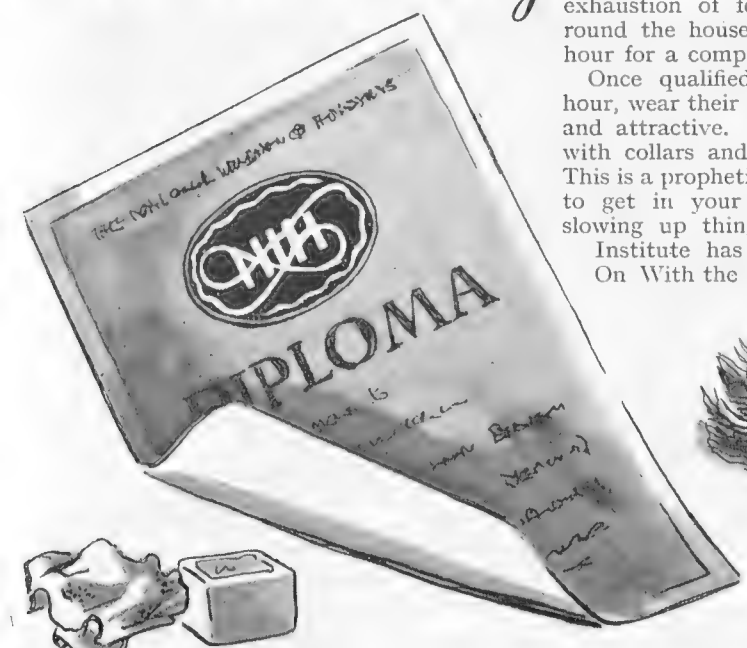
The normal working week for resident helpers will be a forty-eight hours one; and for non-resident workers, forty-four hours. They will have one full and one half day free each week, and a holiday with pay each year.

In addition to resident and non-resident houseworkers, the Institute will also run a Supply Service, from which it will be possible to get helpers by the hour.

In this case, the inclusive charge is 2s. 6d. an hour. This rate may sound a little high, but it has been carefully worked out and stands comparison with the average pay for domestic workers. We have all had experience of the nerve-strain and exhaustion of following an unqualified and slip-shod worker round the house, and my own feeling is that half-a-crown an hour for a competent helper is fair enough.

Once qualified houseworkers, whether by the day or the hour, wear their own distinctive uniform, which is both practical and attractive. The colour is a soft shade of turquoise blue, with collars and cuffs in beige.

This is a prophetic picture of the helper you may be lucky enough to get in your home, later on. Present-day difficulties are slowing up things here, as well as everywhere else, but the Institute has done the spade-work, and now it is Getting On With the Job!



Sustaining Soups

THIS is the time of year when nothing is so heartening or sustaining to the returning worker than a tempting and nourishing soup. On the Continent the stock-pot is treated with much respect and gradually filled as it simmers, with all sorts of odds and ends to make a feeding and appetizing foundation to the beautiful soups which will later appear on the table.

Soup-making has been badly neglected in this country of late years, and much beneficial enjoyment lost. Now that we have almost to count meat out of our diet and yet to find the impetus for fresh effort, let us concentrate on the stock-pot and see how it can help us through the winter months. A good soup, coupled with a substantial pudding will make a well-balanced and sufficient meal.

STOCK

Put joint bone or any oddments of bone into a large saucepan with about 2 quarts of water. Bring to the boil, add a variety of cut up vegetables, bacon rinds, meat gristle, gravy and a bouquet of herbs such as thyme, parsley, marjoram, fennel, tied in a muslin bag. Simmer gently for 3 or 4 hours, or if possible, over a boiler fire for the night. Now cool, skim off all fat and strain ready for use.

BEETROOT SOUP (with Cheese)

Ingredients: Quart stock, 1 oz. margarine, 1 oz. flour, 1 large cooked beetroot, ½ stick celery, ½ gill milk, seasoning.

Melt fat in pan, stir in flour and cook it without browning for 2 or 3 minutes; add stock or water. Stir over the flame till it comes to the boil. Peel and shred beetroot. Wash and cut up celery and add to stock. Simmer soup about 30 minutes, not longer, or it will lose colour. Put soup through a sieve, rubbing enough beetroot through to give it a nice colour and consistency. A few drops of cochineal improves colour. Season to taste and add milk. Heat through without boiling and serve with a dish of grated cheese.

HARICOT BEAN SOUP (with Bacon)

Ingredients: ½ pint of haricot beans, 2 small potatoes or left over mashed potato, ¼ pint milk, seasoning, 1 onion, 1 turnip, 1 quart stock, 2 rashers bacon.

Soak beans overnight. Put beans and stock in pan. Bring to boil and skim. Wash vegetables and slice into stock. Simmer about 2 hours. Pass all through sieve. Add milk. Put back in pan and boil up. Season and serve with bacon previously fried and cut into small pieces.

SCOTCH BROTH

Ingredients: 2 pints stock, 3 oz. pearl barley, 1 cup split peas, seasoning, 2 or 3 sliced onions or leeks, 2 carrots (diced), 2 turnips (diced), parsley.

Bring stock to the boil; add barley, split peas (soaked overnight) and about a dessertspoonful of salt. Simmer gently for 1 hour then add vegetables and chopped parsley. Simmer again till vegetables are tender. If you are making soup straight from the mutton bone leave bits of meat in.

Rabbit or Oxtail soup is good when either is obtainable. If possible, add a sherry glassful of cider to oxtail.

Here is a good sustaining soup if you have left over cauliflower and white sauce:

CAULIFLOWER CHEESE SOUP

Sieve the cauliflower and add about ½ pint white sauce and 1 oz. of finely grated cheese. Season with salt and pepper, and if too thick, thin down with milk and water to creamy consistency. Garnish with little sprigs of cauliflower and serve with a small bowl of grated cheese.

Tips For Steamed Puddings

"A light hand, a light pudding," they say, but this really means light beating and plenty of it, as against stirring. The first object of beating is to let in all the air possible, therefore, whisking gently and swiftly for as long as you can makes all the difference to the lightness of a pudding; especially when egg is used at a minimum.

Many people sift the flour three or four times through to ensure lightness. Milk tends to make the pudding heavy and should be used sparingly. Canary pudding, lightest of all mixtures, has no milk at all. Always oversteam rather than under. The longer the cooking time the lighter the pudding. This applies specially to steamed fruit and chocolate puddings; marmalade and any of the wet or closer mixtures. Be generous with the baking powder. In the case of fruit, dry it after washing or clean it by rubbing it in flour. When filling the pudding basin, grease it very well and leave a third of its height for the pudding to rise. Be very careful when tying up to make it completely watertight. I generally place a piece of greased paper over first and then a cloth, and tie it round tightly. The water must be boiling well when you put the pudding on to steam, and should be kept boiling briskly while the pudding is doing its first rising, about 30 minutes. After that it can boil gently for the rest of the time.

Indoor Picnic

SNACK meals figure in every housekeeping scheme—either for the kind of meal that needs to be whipped up quickly or, more especially for the sort of entertaining which is universal now and which includes a drink and "something light" to go with it. These indoor picnics call for imagination if one is to get away from the eternal sandwich, so here are a few suggestions in the way of hot hors d'œuvres and simple sweets—all easily prepared and only requiring a fork and plate for eating and, in some cases, fingers.

The primary needs to have by one for these meals are little pastry cases, made whenever you are doing pastry or alternatively tartelettes. These can be filled in dozens of attractive ways, according to the scraps you have by you. Here is the recipe for tartelettes and a few fillings :—

ONION TART

TARTELETTES

Mix together 8 oz. of flour, 4 oz. cold melted margarine, pinch of salt. Add 1 egg (reconstituted) and a few drops of cold water. Knead batter lightly, roll in ball. Leave two hours in cool place. Roll like pastry and line tartlet tins. Put small piece of bread crust in centre of each to keep shape and bake in good oven, Regulo 6 or 400 deg. F. about 10 minutes. Remove crusts, put aside and fill as required. Re-warm in low oven when filled.

SUGGESTED FILLINGS

About 2 oz. grated cheese beaten with a reconstituted egg and seasoned. Fill cases and cook gently till set.

Fried mushroom and bacon chopped small and blended with a spoonful of parsley sauce, or any savoury sauce.

A few shallots and the inside of a marrow bone chopped finely and melted together in a frying pan with a little fat. When tender squeeze on lemon juice and use.

Sardines and crushed nuts in sauce.

Having filled your tartelettes, prepare further hot hors d'œuvres. If you have left-over celery or young leeks, stuff pieces about 3 in. long with grated cheese pounded into a paste with a little tomato sauce or purée; or use a tin of herring roes, poach them and blend with a little white sauce. Serve on toast fingers.

ONION TART

Slice 3 large onions thinly. Boil till tender. Drain well. Fry till golden brown in a little fat with 2 or 3 rashers of bacon diced. Cool and beat in 2 reconstituted eggs, 1 tablespoonful flour, and 3 tablespoonfuls of milk. Pour mixture into pastry case and add 1 tablespoonful melted butter. Bake in moderate oven, Regulo 5 or 350 deg. F. till set and golden-brown.

Toasted sandwiches filled with scrambled dried egg flavoured with flakes of cooked smoked haddock and tomato are excellent. Make toast very thin and only toast one side. Butter the bread side. Fill and place other half of sandwich on top, bread side down.

Little grills of sausages split lengthwise, mushrooms, bacon and fried bread can be served on skewers.

Now to turn to something sweet after our savoury beginning.

MERINGUES BISCOTIN

TARTELETTES

MERINGUES BISCOTIN

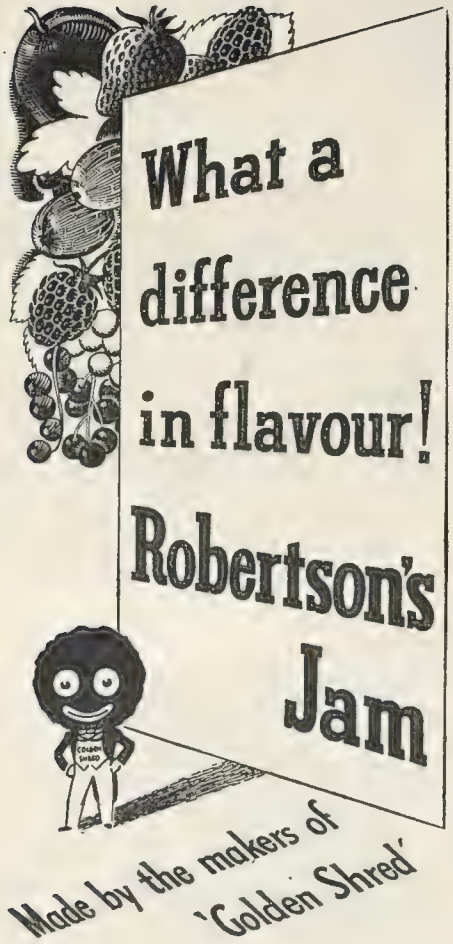
Ingredients: Ten rounds of shortbread (about 2½ in. across), a little chocolate butter icing and ten half meringues.

Put a little icing in the middle of each biscuit at the last moment so as not to soften shortbread, and place a half meringue on top of each.

STRAWBERRY FINGERS

Ingredients: Sponge fingers, mock cream, icing, cupful crushed strawberries or strawberry jam, cherries and angelica if procurable.

Split fingers, Spread half with purée or jam, then cream. Lay on other half. Ice and decorate.



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The Inspector Is Discreet

(*Continued from page 12*)

"They are nervous people," Abdullah said. Chafik patted his arm.

He took the wheel of the police car and drove at a rapid pace down the wide boulevard. Chafik stopped opposite the grounds of the Alwiyah Club, which stretched from the river to the main road. The back entrance was a flight of wooden steps leading to the tree-shaped lower garden. "Four minutes," Chafik said, looking at his watch. "And it is time for the afternoon coffee."

THEY went to the Swiss Café on Al-Rashid Street and had coffee and almond cakes dipped in honey. The noise from the crowded, narrow street above grated the alien voices of celluloid actors performing at the cinema across the way, amplified to four times the normal volume. Chafik said, "It is a film of American gangsters. I will go to it. Continue the search for the father, Abdullah."

When Inspector Chafik was sitting through the feature for the second time, a man came down the aisle and whispered, "We have him, sir." The Inspector sighed and got up, and they left the cinema.

At headquarters he said to Sergeant Abdullah, "How did you find him?" and the Sergeant answered: "I heard he had a friend, so I brought the friend here and beat him until he told me where the man was hidden. It is a good method."

"Yes," nodded Chafik, and added, "Providing the right man is beaten.... Now bring me Ali ibn Ali Aziz."

They brought in the father of the dead girl. He had a thin, weak body and his face was yellowed by the damp heat of Basrah. The stale smell of arak made the Inspector shake orange-water on a handkerchief and press it to his nose. "How you smell!" he said, and turning to Sergeant Abdullah asked, "Did he have a knife?"

The Sergeant, with the air of a *maître d'hôtel* presenting a choice dish, placed on the desk a narrow wafer of sharp steel attached to a bone handle. He said. "There were traces of blood. I prepared a specimen for the laboratory, but it would appear the investigation is ended."

"Perhaps," answered Inspector Chafik. He turned to Ibn Ali Aziz and said, "You are a dog sired by a pig. You were prepared to sell your daughter to an Armenian. Why then did you kill her?"

The prisoner said in a frightened, squeaky voice, "I did not kill her. It is my knife, but I did not kill her. I went to the place where we were to meet and then the skies fell."

"What do you mean—the skies fell?"

"I stood by the wall of the man's house waiting for my daughter——"

"And the time?"

"About the half hour to midnight——"

"And then?" Chafik's dun-coloured eyes were suddenly alive.

"The skies fell." The prisoner's voice was sullen.

Inspector Chafik said, "Bend your head. He parted the thick, oily hair and examined the scalp. There was no mark, and Chafik said, "Either you lie or the skies were soft." He went to the washbowl in the corner and washed his hands thoroughly before saying casually: "There is blood on your knife, and if you are innocent you would not have hidden. From me you can hide the truth, but not from God. Talk!"

The man said, "After the skies fell I slept. When I woke I was in a ditch. I thought, perhaps the arak had made me fall there, and I went back to where I was to meet my daughter. I saw her body——"

"You had killed her," said Chafik.

"By the All-Merciful God I had not killed her!"

"Your knife killed her."

"It was by her side. I picked it up——"

"Why?" asked Chafik, and nodded when Ali ibn Ali Aziz answered: "Because it was mine and I feared it would be traced." The man coughed a tubercular cough and added, "And then I ran."

"Because you had killed your daughter."

Ali ibn Ali Aziz raised his manacled hands and let them fall in a helpless, resigned gesture. "I did not kill her," he said, tears of self pity rolling down his yellow cheeks. "All I know is the skies fell and then I found her dead."

"Take him away," said Inspector Chafik. When the man had gone, Chafik said to Sergeant Abdullah, "Yes, he revolts me, but he has told the truth."

"Sir?" said the Sergeant, astonished.

"The skies fell. They fell with great force, but they were soft. Have you forgotten the sand outside the Armenian's house?" There was a sudden harshness in his voice which caused Abdullah to stiffen and say, "No, sir, but I had not seen the connection. The sand spilled from a sandbag which split when it was used.

Chafik lifted the telephone and dialled a number. He said as he waited for an answer, "It is like weaving a carpet. The little threads combine into a pattern." He took his hand from the receiver and, bowing his sleek head, said ingratiatingly in English, "Mr. Stewart? Excuse the lateness of the call. This is Inspector Chafik. . . . Yes, yes. But it is a very small detail. . . . Do children play in your garden?"

He held the receiver from his ear as the angry voice shouted, "A damn silly question. Of course not. Why?"

"Because," said Chafik, "there is river sand outside your garden gate which appears to have been thrown from within. As no children played with it there must be another reason for this curiosity. Good night, sir." He hung up and said, "How much that man hates me!"

He sat for a long time looking at nothing. The patient weaving of his mind formed a strange and ominous pattern. He said, "It is almost complete, but not quite. We have the sand, but not the bag. Take every man, Abdullah, and search for the bag. It may be anything. Perhaps a man's sock. Search the river bank and the grounds of the Alwiyah Club. . . . You understand?"

"Your wisdom embarrasses me."

"It is not my wisdom. It comes from God. . . . And one last thing, Abdullah. Let the men be obvious in their search so that all Baghdad knows for what they look. Let them be particularly clumsy at the Alwiyah Club."

In the morning he stood at Ellsworth's desk, the heavy voice beating about his ears. He was, as usual, nervous and fumbled with his sidar. Ellsworth rumbled, "You're playing with dynamite and I ought to close the case. There's enough concrete evidence to hang Aziz. Why d'you think he's innocent?"

"Because," Chafik said, "the girl was not ripped up. Because nothing was taken from her. Because he says he saw the body——"

"Explain that."

"Sir, the Arab mind is different from the English mind. You will excuse me if I say it is not so subtle. The Arab, when guilty, does not tell a simple story, but lies badly. If Aziz had killed his daughter he would have strained his imagination to convince me he had not seen her body. He would have told me," Chafik added, smiling, "an *Arabian Night's* story."

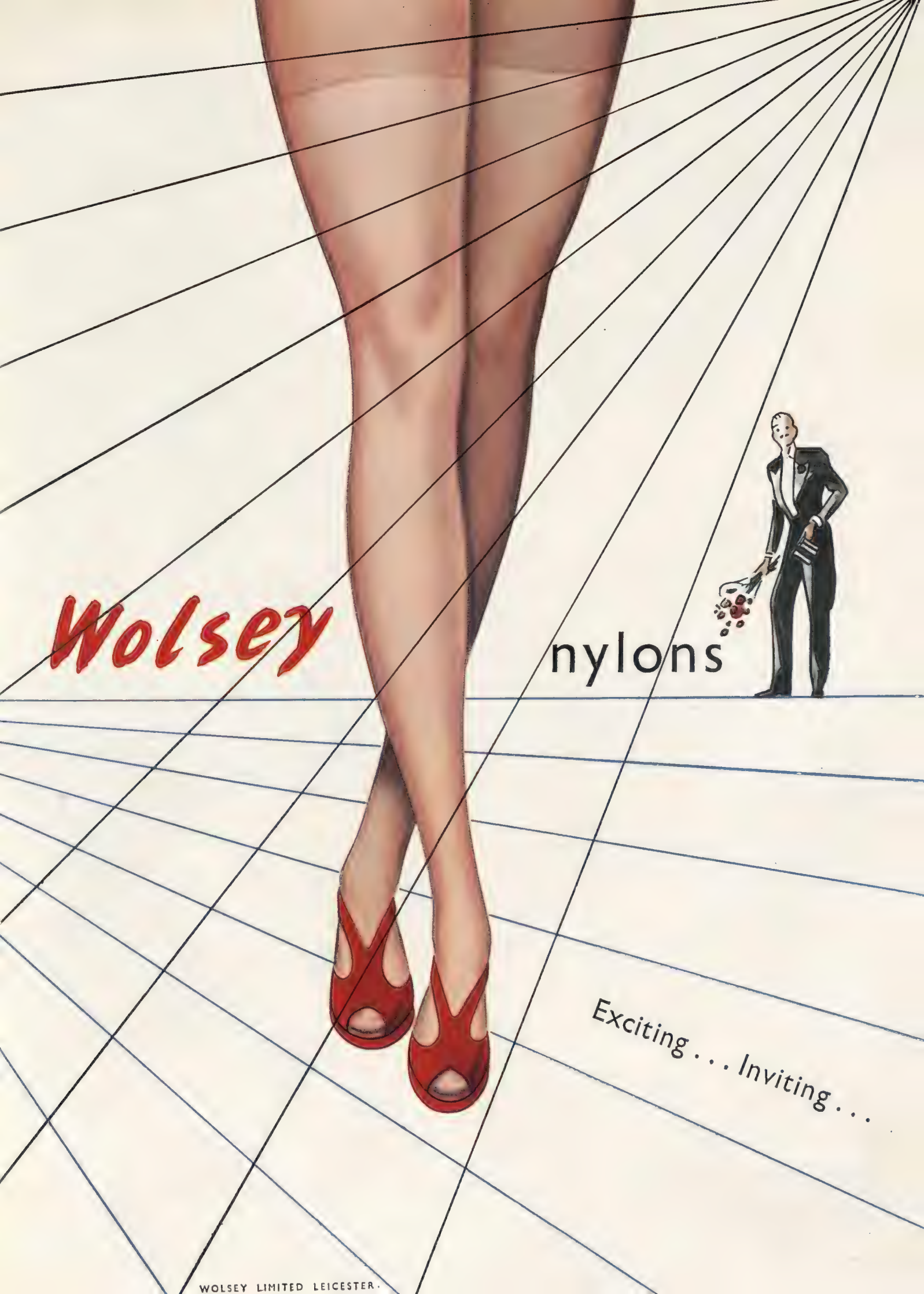
Ellsworth said, "You're telling me one yourself. I want proof. I want the sandbag." He was worried because he believed the little man, but foresaw the consequences of a blunder. Finally he said, "You'll never find the bag. It's easy to hide, and all Baghdad knows about the search. The men have been damn clumsy——"

"Yes," Chafik said.

"You've got to be careful. I'll give you until the end of the day to bring me evidence."

Outside the office the little man wiped his forehead and murmured, "Discretion is a racial problem." Going to his room he called the Jenub Police Station, which Sergeant Abdullah was using as his headquarters. The Sergeant's tired voice on the telephone told him there was no trace of the missing sandbag. "What now, sir?" he asked.

Inspector Chafik (*Continued on page 51*)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The Inspector Is Discreet

said: "The pattern of my carpet must not be ruined because I lack one thread of the right colour. We must substitute——" He had been voicing thoughts, and smiling at the telephone said, "That was for your ear only, Abdullah. How is the Armenian this morning?"

"The servants say he spent the night drinking. He is now in the bar of the Regent Hotel and his manner is dangerous——"

"Yes," said Chafik. "Quite dangerous." Cradling the telephone in both hands he said gently, "Call off the search. We will never find the bag. And go home and rest. I do not need you any more, Sergeant Abdullah."

The Inspector sat with his head lowered and his lips moving. Finally he walked to the armoury at the rear of the building and said to the man in charge, "It must be discreetly done," and did not realize he had spoken until he saw the bewilderment on the officer's face. He left a few minutes later toying with a brass cylinder hidden between forefinger and thumb. He hurried to his car and told the police driver, "Jenub. The Armenian's house," and sat with hands folded.

THE white-robed butler who answered the Inspector's ring said, "Master is out. Do you wish to wait?" He was an old man and smiled toothlessly as Chafik dropped money in his hand. "I will wait here," Chafik said, and quietly closed the door of Stewart's study behind him.

Slipping on a pair of gloves he opened the right-hand drawer of the desk and took out the automatic pistol. He removed the clip, ejected the cartridge from the breech, and fed into the clip the blank he had brought from the armoury. The slide clicked back as he reloaded the weapon. He replaced it in the drawer, then removed his gloves and sat waiting, eyes closed and body relaxed.

He heard the car drive up half an hour later and lit a cigarette as he murmured, "May God remember me." Stewart burst into the room and stood looking at him. The man's red hair was disordered and his voice shrill as he shouted, "What the devil now?" He dropped heavily into the chair behind the desk.

Chafik began, "I am afraid I give you a lot of trouble——" and was interrupted by Stewart saying, "I won't be pestered this way. I'll complain to the Ambassador. You Iraqis are getting too uppish, why the hell don't you find Miriam's father?"

"Oh, we have him, sir . . . but he is innocent." The Inspector watched the big hands clutch the edge of the desk and said quietly: "A girl *was* murdered. There *was* a watch that was slow and skies that fell on the head of a father. There *was* sand from the Tigris. There *was* the fact that the girl was pregnant, and the fact that Mrs. Stewart returns from England. Shall we fit the facts to a story?"

"I'm going to kick you out in just two seconds——"

Chafik flicked the ash from his cigarette and went on conversationally: "You set her watch slow so you could be first at the gate when Ali ibn Ali Aziz kept his appointment. You stunned him with a sandbag. It was necessary that it should be smooth, wet sand. The sand of the shore is mixed with gravel and would therefore mark the scalp. Also it lacks weight, so you used sand from the river. Unfortunately the bag split when you hit him. You searched for the knife such a man would carry and then you put him in a ditch. . . . But I am tiring you, Mr. Stewart?"

The red-haired man said nothing.

"When the girl came to meet her father," Chafik said, "you stepped behind her and—so!" He made a slashing gesture with his finger. "Neat and clean," he said admiringly. "The blood spurted forward and there was only a little on your hand, easy to wipe off in the dust of the path. And you cleaned the handle of the knife and put it by the body before driving back to the Club. The drive took you four minutes. I have timed it. The entrance from the river is rarely used after dark. To all appearances you had strolled in the grounds for a little air."

The face of the man behind the desk was grey, like the river sand.

The Inspector said: "Now we will discuss the mistakes. You should, of course, have taken the money and the watch. A poor Arab such as the father would have done that. Also the method of killing was wrong. The stab should have been in the stomach. . . . So once there was reason to doubt the guilt of Aziz, it was necessary to look for a man with another motive. The girl was pregnant, and all Baghdad knows your fear of the temper of Mrs. Stewart. Therefore——"

"You dirty little snooping mongrel!" said Stewart. He rose slowly to his feet, still clutching the desk.

"Therefore," went on Inspector Chafik in a tranquil voice, "I searched for one fragment of evidence that was not hypothetical. I have it here." He took from his pocket a woollen sock tied with strong cord to make a bag. The sock was split and grains of grey sand fell from it. "An English sock," the Inspector said. "The one you used to make the sandbag."

"You liar!". Stewart shouted. "That isn't what I——" He watched Chafik in horror, and the little man answered, "Now God has made you talk."

The red-haired man swayed and his bloodshot eyes searched the room anxiously. Then he said, "You haven't got a witness, you fool. That was a plant. Fake evidence. I'll deny what I said and Ellsworth will believe an Englishman before any damned Iraqi!"

Inspector Chafik thought: Now he is near the end. His nerves have cracked. He needs just one word more. . . . And smiling, Chafik said, "But you are Armenian!"

The blue of Stewart's eyes darkened. Warning banners flamed in his florid cheeks. His hand flashed to the drawer of the desk and came up gripping the automatic. He mouthed incoherent insults as he aimed at the Inspector.

As yellow flame stabbed and the gun roared, Chafik ducked to avoid the stinging blast of burning powder. He felt the wad from the blank strike the side of his sidar and let himself fold sideways over the chair to the floor. He fell limp and doll-like with arms and legs flying. He kicked violently and was still.

Waiting was eternity. And then he heard Stewart say, "Oh, God! God!"

The second shot was muffled, and not until the body of the red-haired man had finished floundering across the desk did Chafik get up. The smell of cordite made his nostrils twitch and he wasn't surprised that he was trembling, for Stewart's hate might have made him fire several times, live cartridges to follow the blank.

Chafik heard the servants in the hall and opened the door. "Tell the constable outside that I need him," he said curtly. "And keep out. Your master has shot himself."

He moved quickly. He found the case of the blank, ejected from the gun, and put it in his pocket. He looked at his sidar and found the powder burns. He thought, I must get a new sidar. The Chief Inspector has sharp eyes. Of course only one shot was fired. He has no reason to question the servants. . . .

The desk was messy and his face screwed with disgust as he stepped around the body to reach the telephone. Ellsworth's rumble answered when he dialled the number. "Oh, it's you," the Chief Inspector said. "Have you got that bag?"

"No, sir," Chafik answered. "It was probably destroyed. But the evidence is no longer required, as the case would appear to be closed."

"What?" shouted Ellsworth. "Where the devil are you?"

"At the home of Mr. Stewart. We discussed the matter frankly, and——"

"My God!" the Chief Inspector said. "I told you——"

"To be discreet, sir?" Inspector Chafik looked at the heavy body crumpled over the desk and thought: Whatever story I tell is justified, for God was the witness to what the man said. . . . And smiling at the telephone he said in his most ingratiating manner, "But I was, sir. After the Armenian confessed, he shot himself——"

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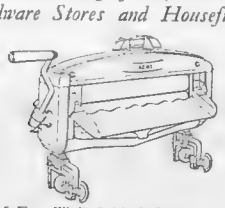

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The Slave Trade—Is Booming Again

(*Continued from page* 16)

Negro-Arab raiders blowing trumpets and uttering bloodthirsty yells, to stampede the inhabitants. The huts are then fired, and the old men and women are ruthlessly speared or shot down, as they rush out panic-stricken, only the younger ones being of sufficient value to capture.

Many are sent to markets where the great Ethiopian Rases look them over, especially the girls and young women. Haile Selassie admits that at least a million slaves are beyond his reach in his own realm, and in a manner this Abyssinian survival is worse than the reopened Arabian trade. Arabia holds, buys, trades and breeds slaves, but does not raid ruthlessly to make new slaves, as do the Rases' agents.

The present slave caravans collected for Arabia make for the Zanzibar and Port Sudan coastal regions, where the human material is put aboard dhows. They sleep huddled together on deck and below, maybe for weeks on end as the slow sail-vessels weave their way across to ports like Jeddah, and one of the difficulties is that slaves will pose as crew, should a dhow be visited. It must be realized that not all slaves are sorry to be sent to Arabia and that quite a number in each convoy can be correctly labelled "happy slaves."

In the desert slaves are both cheaper than free labour and far less trouble. One whole side of Arabian slavery concerns concubinage. As concubines slave women are equally inexpensive, and this appeals to the Semite instinct of the Arab. Moreover, the slave concubine who is a disappointment may be sold off at a profit. The most popular are Negro women because their black skin keeps surprisingly cool in the sustained terrific heat. An Arab woman's does not.

Thus a slave woman is an all-round investment and she is sure to be the last to go at a far distant day. She does not miss the slave children taken from her, but a dread through life is of being cast forth in old age. This is the worst side of Arabian slavery: the old slaves, both men and women, are put literally on the roadside when no longer of value. You see them begging in the streets of Mecca within earshot of the slave market where traders shout the fine points of strong youths and buxom black girls.

It is to such a market that the present caravans are headed, once they make port. In Mecca the police round the slave market are immensely tall Negro eunuchs who have been slaves themselves. One reason for the eunuch police is so that women may be handled if they quarrel in public, since no man may touch a woman in Arabia unless she be his wife, concubine or closely related. Eunuchs are not treated as men.

The market is held in the narrow street called Suk-el-Abid. The slaves for sale are seated on stone benches outside the houses of their dealers. But the most desirable "wares" are not on view. These are the best-looking girls.

The girls who would draw the wolf whistle from American sailors, did these ever reach the Holy City, are kept inside the dealers' houses, where prospective buyers are taken in to view them, and in cases of serious business to attend at complete and intimate examinations. Slave girls have special auctioneers allotted to them, called Dallal. A Dallal will conduct a party of potential purchasers to the house where the woman slaves may be inspected. The best slaves are sold by private treaty in this way.

Among keenest bidders are the thousands of students always studying in Mecca. They need concubines for another reason besides the normal one. When their woman slave has a child, that child becomes the property of the father who is usually hard up and at once sells the infant. Sales may continue year after year during the long studies of the average Koran student. It has to be realized that the institution of slavery is absolutely legal and that the Arab slave-holders break no law—as do the murderous raiders over in Africa.

That is the pith of the matter and what U.N.O. will be up against when it restarts where the late League left off in matters appertaining to slavery. There is nothing in Moslem religious teaching that militates against slave-holding. On the contrary, the existence of slaves is especially recognized as the law of life, from the fact that the freeing of slaves—as often happens in the way of a reward from kindly masters—is enjoined as a meritorious act.

Probably U.N.O. will come round to the notion of maintaining patrol vessels in the Red Sea in the room of the Royal Navy, and concentrate on making the murderous slave raids inland in Africa less and less profitable by intercepting the slave dhows. Action should also be ordered against these raids inside Africa, and in this respect France and Britain have a special responsibility, much of the raiding being on their colonial territories.

That seems the sound way—not making more trouble with the Arabs by butting in on an institution recognized by their religion.

END

Guy Fawkes—And Others

(*Continued from page* 13)

whereas one notorious anti-Catholic conspiracy has made Titus Oates almost as well known to schoolboys as Guy Fawkes himself. Having belatedly suffered a few thousand strokes of the lash for his mischief, Oates lived on into the eighteenth century, a time of dawning religious tolerance that put conspirators like him out of work. Indeed, it looked as if the old violent methods of removing political enemies had gone out with the Stuarts, until Arthur Thistlewood startled the country in 1820 with his amazing Cato Street conspiracy.

Thistlewood's plan to assassinate Lord Liverpool and his entire Cabinet—as a step towards alleviating the discontents and distresses that followed the Napoleonic wars—was almost as wholesale as that other plan of November, 1605. Its failure, with the plotters fighting a grim battle with troops and Bow Street runners in a house off the Edgware Road, was equally decisive. The whole thing was reminiscent of the old days of cloak and sword, except that now men were wearing the more prosaic dress of the nineteenth century, and their firearms were apt to be slightly more efficient.

The plotters used to meet in a room off Gray's Inn Lane. Their first idea had been to start their minor revolution by murdering the Ministers separately in their own homes, seizing pieces of cannon and proclaiming the Mansion House the "Palace of the Provisional Government." But when it was discovered that a Cabinet dinner was to be held at Lord Harrowby's house in Grosvenor Square the scheme was changed, and it was decided to gain an entry there and murder them all as they sat dining. The most gruesome part of the killers' briefing was the order to secure the heads of Lords Sidmouth and Castlereagh and bring them away in a bag!

On the appointed day, February 23, the two dozen conspirators assembled at their new headquarters, a stable loft in Cato Street, between Edgware Road and Bryanston Square, and rehearsed their plans, ignorant that one of their party had informed on them and that even then their movements were being closely watched. Just as they were ready to depart the watch broke in, supported by a squad of soldiers. In the desperate fight that followed, knives and

(*Continued on page* 54)

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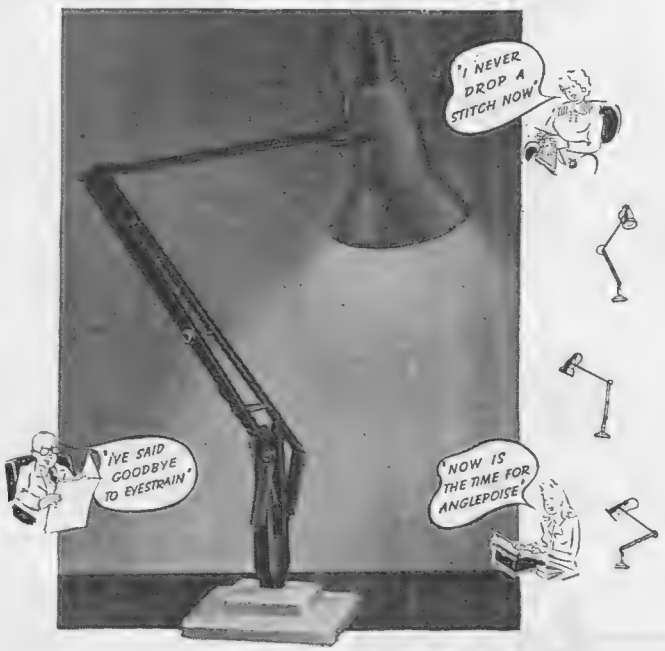

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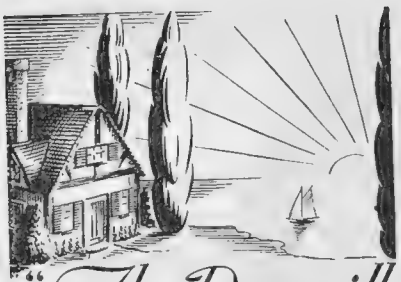

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pistols were freely used and Thistlewood killed a constable and escaped, but was captured next day. He and some of his accomplices were duly tried and found guilty; and Thistlewood and four others were publicly beheaded.

The affair caused a tremendous sensation. The plotter's hide-out in Cato Street was a huge attraction, and prints of the scene (1s. plain and 2s. coloured), and portraits of Thistlewood were sold in large numbers to a fascinated public. But it was little more than a nine days' wonder; and since then Arthur Thistlewood, the plotter who nearly wiped out a British Cabinet, has sunk into semi-obscurity.

So it is with all those others. But it is only fair to remember, as each November 5th comes round and the well-known effigy goes up in flames, that Guy Fawkes was not the only conspirator.

END

Problem In Pebbles

(*Continued from page 32*)

said Luis. Something in his tone made Ben swing sharply in his chair.

"There—I've made you curious! You've always believed me a flea man, haven't you? Well, let me tell you I am sick of all those damnation fleas! I have other ideas!"

"Such as diving?" said Ben.

"Oh, you are a fool, Pen! . . . No, I apologize. I do not mean that. Indeed, you have been a very good friend to me. I have a mind to tell you of my plan."

"I should like to hear it," said Ben.

"Well, then, why not, if you will promise to let it go no further. I have had this plan for many years, I have dreamed about it since I was a boy. But always, always I have had to examine those horrible fleas! Well, I am through with them! I am going after gold! Gold, great riches beyond imagination!"

Ben said nothing. He crossed his legs, coughed, and waited.

"Listen now," said Luis. "I will tell you of this plan. I had it from my father. He was a zoologist, you understand, a brave and clever man. Once, when I was a boy, he went off into the Llanganates mountains and explored the headwaters of the Curaray River. He was away for two years, and when he returned, he told me this wonderful story. Listen now! Up there in the Llanganates there is a lake, and in the lake is a great treasure. It has been there hundreds of years, ever since the time of the Conquistadore Pizarro. This Pizarro captured the Emperor Atuahilpa, and the people collected their gold to buy Atuahilpa's freedom. But Pizarro murdered him, and when the news was known, they flung their treasure into the lake rather than let it come into Spanish hands. That is the story, and it is true, true! Did not Valverde, one of Pizarro's captains, recount it, and bequeath to the Spanish king a guide to find the lake?"

"Did he?" said Ben. "I really don't know, old chap. But if he did, isn't it likely that somebody dragged up the treasure long, long ago?"

"Let me tell you, Pen! To find this lake you must risk your life. You must risk the jungle, the head-hunting Indians, the mountain heights! Many men have died in searching for the lake, and few, very, very few, have ever found it. This Valverde was a cunning fellow, he did not describe the position of the lake accurately, though he made pretence to. But I *know* where it is—I know, I know!—for my father told me and plotted a map of scrupulous accuracy."

Ben smiled genially. "Did your father recover any of the treasure?"

"He did! He did!" cried Luis. "Let me show you!"

He unlocked a cupboard at his back, took some small objects from it, and dropped them into Ben's hands.

"Is this the treasure your father recovered?"

"Yes. He fished them up with a net from the shallow waters at the edge of the lake."

"But surely these are only pebbles, Luis?"

"You are mistaken. They are not pebbles."

"What are they, then?"

"They are gold ornaments—pins, brooches, beads, amulets! They have become encrusted with the limestone from the waters of the lake, that is all. There must be thousands more—tens of thousands more!—in the deeper waters."

So this was what lay beneath the cloak of shyness! A crazy man, treasuring pebbles like a peasant child, a dreamer of infantile dreams! Ben turned over the stones, one by one, then looked up at his friend, filled with an intensity of pity. Luis chuckled, and said: "I remember how my father treated some of these things in a special way. He found the pure gold beneath. It was magnificent!"

"Magnificent," repeated Ben. "Of course. I don't doubt it, Luis."

Then the door swung open suddenly, and Senora stood, crowding the threshold. Luis turned towards her, a sly little smile twisting his lips. She ignored him, folding her arms over her wide bosom, and glaring down at Ben.

"Shameful, shameful!" she cried. "I will not permit it!"

"What is it you will not permit, Senora?" asked Ben, suavely.

"Oh, but you won't fool me that way, sir! I heard what you said, every word! Did you not provide him with the diving suit? Of course, of course! You're doing everything in your power to encourage him! I will not permit it, I say! I will not allow him to go!"

Some imp of mischief took possession of Ben, and prompted him to remark:

"But think, Senora—all that gold waiting to be picked up! An emperor's ransom, Senora! . . . Why, I have half a mind to go there with Luis."

"That is an idea, Pen!" cried Luis. "You and I, we will go there together!"

"If it were not that I can't spare the time just now from my business, I would certainly go," smiled Ben.

Senora ran forward and seized his shoulders. Her face was flushed, her lips compressed, her dark eyes sparkled with tears of fury.

"Villain, villain! I will not permit such talk! It is madness, all madness! Go away from here! Go away and never come back, do you understand me!"

Ben rose and walked to the door with all the dignity he could muster.

"I HAVE never seen him since," Ben told me. It troubled my conscience for some weeks, until Senora one day walked into this office and raised no end of a rumpus. Luis had left her. Yes, he had gone off in a second-hand car for Ambato, which was the first stage of his treasure hunt. I never expected to hear about him again, but this morning I've had this note from him, inviting me to dine with him and Senora. You can see for yourself what he says, 'I have much strange news to give you, Ben, old friend.' It *is* amazing, isn't it?"

"Very," I agreed.

"You see my point, don't you?" said Ben. "I don't want to meet Luis at a complete disadvantage. I chanced to slip one of his precious pebbles into my pocket—not with any ulterior motive, I assure you. But if you could test it for me before to-night, I'd be obliged, old chap. What do you say?"

I answered that as I was now indebted to him for an amusing story, I would do as he wished.

Less than an hour later, I rang him up.

"What did you find?" he asked.

"An aqueous calcite deposit on a rod of gold," I said.

I heard Ben gasp. Then he chuckled.

"At any rate," he said. "I shall have the satisfaction of saying, 'I told you so,' to that damned woman!"

END

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Knitted Lace Blouse

(*Continued from page* 36)

set of 28 sts. until armhole measures 7 ins.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 7 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 armhole end rows. Return to the first set of 28 sts., join wool at the neck edge and work to correspond with the last set of 28 sts.

BACK

Work as for the front until after armhole shaping. Continue on the 84 sts. until armhole measures 7 ins.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 7 sts. at the beg. of the next 8 rows. Cast off the remaining sts.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles, cast on 84 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 1 in. Change to No. 9 needles.

Next row.—Rib 4, * inc. 1 st. in next st. Rib 6; rep. from * to the last 5 sts., rib 5.

Continue in main pattern until 5 ins. from the cast on edge.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until 61 sts. Then 1 st. at the beg. of every row until 31 sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press each part with a warm ron and damp cloth. Sew up the side seams and sleeve seams. Sew up right shoulder seam. Sew up left shoulder seam leaving 2 ins. open at the neck edge. Work one row of double crochet each side of the shoulder opening. Make 2 button loops on the front of shoulder opening. Sew in sleeves. Measure round the neck with the trimming, *then* allow half as much again. The same round the edge of sleeves. Gather both the neck and sleeves pieces into the crossway binding and stitch firmly. Stitch the trimming round the neck and sleeves. Press all seams. Sew buttons to the back of shoulder. Thread cords or elastic through holes at lower edge of blouse.

END

Winter House Cape

(*Continued from page* 36)

SHAPE YOKE

Moss st. 5, * k. 1, k. 2 tog.; rep. from * to the last 5 sts., moss st. 5.

Change to No. 10 needles. Continue in moss st. for 3 ins. Change to No. 12 needles and continue in moss st. for 2 ins. Cast off.

NECK BAND

With No. 12 needles cast on 9 sts. Work all in moss st. Work 2 rows. ** Work 3, cast off 3, work 3. **Next row.**—Work 3, cast on 3, work 3. Work 4 rows moss st.; rep. from ** until 14 ins. from the cast on edge. Work 2 rows. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press cape with a warm iron and damp cloth. Slightly gather round the neck edge until the edge measures 14 ins. Sew neckband round this edge. Sew on the trimming all round the cape. Thread ribbon through holes at the neck.

END

Girl Or Shadow

(*Continued from page* 28)

betraying Embassy or any other secrets."

Conlon was chewing his lip, not listening.

He said abruptly, "A girl so lame yet so *chic* as Celia Malley is apt to be noticed, to stick in people's minds. Heaven knows where she is now, but I'm going to the Gare de l'Est with that boy. There's a chance I can pick up her trail and follow it. If I can find her before she has time to—do anything to herself, we'll get the whole truth the quickest way!"

It was plain that he believed what Celia had written. He went out, slamming the door.

Lois sat down at her desk. She covered her eyes with her hands, thinking—thinking intensely.

So, presently, Philip Graven, coming into the code room, found her. He had heard nothing, and briefly Lois told him the whole story.

She said tensely, "Philip, *you* don't believe that note?"

His handsome, brown face was troubled. "It looks damned bad," he said. He shook his blond head slowly. "But no, I refuse to believe it of Celia."

Tears stung Lois's eyes. She put a hand on his. "Bless you," she said. "Bless you for that."

In a moment, she was herself again.

"Philip, look—this is just like working out a corrupt code. All the indicators point one way. First, Celia's hair-do. Her appointment was for four thirty. At five thirty she was back here. Under the hour for a hair-do—Celia? No, Philip! And another thing. She was all right when I left her. She was happy and normal. Then she begins to behave abnormally. Why? Something must have happened, some pressure been put on her. But where could any such thing have happened, except in that hairdresser's shop?"

Philip said slowly, "If you're correct, and in spite of what that boy says, she was under duress, what possible purpose can her captors have had in making her write that note?"

"It's a 'confession,' isn't it?" Lois said. "Whoever's behind this may have got the idea we were approaching the right explanation of the suspected leakages, and has tried to throw us off by providing us with a false one."

"That's an idea," Philip said.

"Another thing," said Lois. "Whoever's behind this certainly would know that that boy, like any other Paris boy, would hang round in the hope of a tip at this end, and would be questioned. So that, in chasing off to the Gare de l'Est, Conlon's doing, I'm convinced, exactly what he was meant to do!"

"Following a false trail," said Philip. "I see. And *you* think the right one starts at the Salon Emile?"

"Where else?" Lois glanced at the clock. "I'm not really off till midnight, but I'm going to phone the hostel and ask my relief to come over ahead of time. And the instant she gets here, we're going to the Salon Emile and talk to that hairdresser." With her hand on the telephone, she checked. "I was forgetting. You ought to be here when Mr. N. arrives——"

"Undoubtedly," said Philip. He looked woodenly at her for a moment. He was so well-bred that nobody—except Lois—could have guessed how much he was in love with her. "But I shall be elsewhere," he said, with a sigh.

AND, at twenty minutes to midnight, his roomy two-seater purred down the deserted length of the avenue Mozart and pulled up well short of the cul-de-sac. On foot, they made their way quietly, not talking at all, to the establishment of Emile, crouching at the foot of the mansion walls which hemmed it in.

Cupping her hands about her eyes, Lois peered in through the plate-glass door. In the shop, all was dark and still. Stepping back, she looked up at the windows of the single storey over the shop. They shone bright with moonlight.

"Nobody home," said Philip.

Lois moved to the left, to a door at the side of the shop. On the door glimmered a neat nameplate: *M. Emile Auribeau.* She pressed a button to the right of the door. In the usual manner of (*Continued on page* 58)

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Paris outer doors, with a whir and a click it jerked open a few inches. Philip pushed it further, snapped his lighter, reached in with the flickering flame. It showed a marble-floored passage, with milk-bottles just inside the door, and marble stairs curving upward.

Philip's trim, tall figure, bowler-hatted, went ahead, holding up the lighter in his left hand, keeping his right in his pocket. The stairs curved round up to a small landing, also marble-floored. From a tall, narrow window, through which the airs of the summer night breathed scented as from a garden, moonlight shone in on to a heavy door. Philip snapped out his lighter. The moonlight threw their shadows on the door. This one had no push-button, only a knocker. Philip tried the handle gently, but the door was firm.

"Bolted," he said. "Do we knock?"

"We knock," said Lois.

He knocked. No sound came from within.

"Once more," said Philip, and reached again for the knocker.

But Lois saw a shadow move over the door that wasn't either of their shadows. The nape of her neck crawled. She caught Philip's hand, turning her head sharply. A figure crouched darkly in the open window, against the moonlight. She saw the ice-blue shine of a blade. The figure rose up, towered for an instant, launched itself at them.

Philip's arm knocked her aside against the wall.

She saw locked figures lurch, confused, across the moonlight, heard the impact of blows, the cough of a man's breath struck from his lungs, the heavy thud of a fall.

A lighter sparked, flamed. It shone on Philip's face. His hat was gone. His crisp hair gleamed yellow as he stooped over the fallen man. The man, sprawled on an elbow, threw up his other arm in instinctive defence. But Philip merely picked up from the floor something that gleamed ice-blue.

"Razors?" said the diplomat coldly. "A hairdresser's weapon! Monsieur Emile, I presume? Quit grovelling and get on your feet. We're friends of Miss Malley's, and we've come for her."

Emile staggered up, swaying. "She's not here," he said. "I don't know what they've done with her."

"Who're 'they'?"

"My daughter, Nicole, and the man she brought here this afternoon—one of her rabid political friends. She's in with extremists, terrorists, the *bon Dieu* knows what mad dogs of politics."

"Listen, I want only to help," he said. "Just before the little lame lady's appointment this afternoon, this man came—this death's head friend of Nicole's. Not a client was in the *salon*. Of course, I realize now that Nicole had so arranged the appointments; she's my only assistant. The two of them told me what I must do, and the man went into one of the cubicles. From there, behind the curtain, he held a gun on me. I love the little lame lady from your Embassy. I wanted to do something, to warn her, to cry out to her as she opened the door of the *salon*. But my tongue clove. I was afraid. My dirty heart failed me."

Tears ran down his sallow, plump cheeks.

"Nicole showed her into a cubicle," he went on. "The man came from his hiding-place. He locked the door of the *salon*, gave his gun to Nicole, and while she held me at its point—my own daughter—he went into the cubicle with Miss Malley. I don't know what happened in there. But when he came out, it was my turn. I was thrust into a cubicle and gagged and bound in my own barber chair. A car came and the man went away in it—taking Miss Malley, whether dead or——"

"She was alive," Lois said to Philip. "She wrote that note to Conlon."

Emile looked from one to the other of them.

"I could hear Nicole for some time in the next cubicle," he said. "Then another car came, and she, too, went. Figure my feelings! I was alone, helpless, it was growing dark. For perhaps three-quarters of an hour I was alone there, then I heard a key in the

salon door. Only Nicole has a key, yet it didn't sound like her step, entering. But then I heard her cough, and knew it was her. She went into the next cubicle, switched on the light. She had been there only a minute or two when somebody came knocking. She switched off instantly."

Lois was tense. It had been she who had knocked. Now she knew that it had been a girl, Nicole, whom she had seen standing by the lifted curtain of the cubicle—a girl, not a shadow.

"The knocker went away," said Emile. "Nicole came to me. All was in darkness. I felt her hands, searching. She found and partly cut through the cords on my wrists. 'I've returned to do this only because you are my father,' she said. 'A little effort now, and you can free yourself. This is the last time we shall speak together. I'm leaving France for good.' She went away then, and after a long struggle I got free. What was I to do? I couldn't bring myself to go to the police or to your Embassy. Figure yourself, for all her ingratitude, Nicole is my daughter. Well—just now, I heard you coming up the stairs. A woman's steps, a man's steps! I thought it was they, returning—that they'd come back, after all, Nicole and her death's head friend. I was burning to redeem my cowardice in not lifting a finger to defend the little lame lady. I was determined to cut my mark into the man who had killed Miss Malley, as I thought, and coerced my daughter. I seized a razor, crept along the balcony outside the window there, and——" He spread his hands. "*Voila tout!*"

"What about it, Lois?" Philip said.

"It's the truth as he knows it," Lois said. Her mind was racing. "It all fits. We must see Conlon. Leave this man for now, and let's go. Hurry!"

"YOU say it all fits," said Philip, as the car sped back along the boulevards. "How do you make that out?"

"Oh, Philip!" Lois exclaimed. She quoted, "'Only Nicole has a key, yet it didn't sound like her step. *Why* didn't it sound like her step? Because she had a surgical boot on—Celia's boot. That's what she was doing in the cubicle before the second car came to fetch her. She was putting on Celia's clothes, dressing her hair in Celia's style with Celia's coral combs, putting on Celia's sun-glasses! Conlon said it, 'A girl so lame yet so *chic* as Celia is apt to be noticed.' That's just it—*because* she's so noticeable, she's easy to imitate. It wasn't Celia whom Conlon saw going up the main staircase in the Embassy at five thirty—it was Nicole!"

"For the love of mike!" said Philip, appalled.

Lois said, "It fits as neatly as any code. From the Embassy, she returned to the *salon* to release her father. She was making a quick check-up on her appearance when *I* came knocking at the door. Why didn't she answer? It would have been less suspicious than switching that light off the way she did. But she *couldn't* answer—because she was dressed as Celia! And that's why she cut her father's bonds in darkness. She didn't want him to see she was dressed as Celia!"

"And when she left the salon?" Philip asked.

"Obviously," said Lois, "she went first to her confederate, to get the note he'd extorted from Celia, and then—still disguised as Celia—to the Gare de l'Est to find a boy to bring the note to the Embassy. That's why the girl at the Gare de l'Est was under no duress—she wasn't Celia. Oh, it all fits like a code, Philip—but it's like a code with one group missing; until you get that key group, you can't read the message."

The car pulled up before the Embassy. It was now a quarter to one. They were told Conlon had returned, was in one of the ante-rooms. The instant they entered, Lois stopped short. Her very heart stopped. She (*Continued on page* 61)

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whispered, "*Celia!*" Under a rug, on a big settee, the lame girl lay very still and white, her eyes closed.

Conlon's hand clamped down on Lois's arm.

"Leave her," he said. "She's all right. The doc's seen her. She's been doped, he says, but she'll be out of it in about an hour's time. She was like this when we found her. I picked up her trail at the Gare de l'Est; a lot of people had noticed the lame, *chic* girl. But it was one corkscrew trail she led us, before we found her, almost on the dot of midnight, in a cheap apartment house in Montparnasse. She was in bed, wearing that nightgown she's got on; and all her clothes, her stick, her surgical boot, everything she had, was in the room with her. There are her things there, on that chair."

Lois glanced at them.

"You were trailing another girl, Conlon," Philip said. "If she led you to Celia, it was because, having had their use of her, they had no desire to kill her, and they wanted her found. Isn't that right, Lois?"

But Lois still was looking at the little pile of Celia's belongings on the chair.

Suddenly she said, "Mr. Conlon, where's Celia's bag? She always carried a big, white leather shoulder-satchel."

"There was nothing else in the room where we found her," Conlon said, staring, "except what you see there. We——"

He broke off as the door opened sharply. One of the under-secretaries looked in. He was excited.

"Philip, better show yourself," he said. "Mr. N. just got in from Le Bourget. His plane was late. He's going up to his suite right away."

He was closing the door when Lois cried tensely, "*Wait!*"

Her grey eyes were thinking. She knew, now. With terrible clarity, she saw the key group of the code. She saw the object of the plot to introduce Nicole for a few minutes into the Embassy. She saw how a columnist's guesses, so shrewd as to raise a possibility of official leakage, had been turned by the conspirators to their own ends. She saw why Celia had been made to write a note stressing the idea of a leakage, and why Conlon had been lured away from the Embassy till the stroke of midnight.

"What the devil!" said Philip.

Girl Or Shadow

But Lois ran to the door. She thrust past the staring young man there, ran out into the hall.

"Mr. N.! Mr. N.!" she cried.

A man whose face and figure was familiar to all the world, a man salient in vital conferences, turned sharply, halfway up the broad staircase. And the bodyguard, the secretary, the *valet* following him turned likewise.

Lois, her amber hair flying, raced straight up the stairs to Mr. N. The bodyguard caught her wrists. She fought with him.

"Back! Come back, Mr. N.!" she gasped. "Down! *Danger*——"

They were quick-thinking men. Swiftly, they retreated down the stairs. The bodyguard loosed Lois's wrists, and Mr. N. said austerely:

"If you'd be just a——"

A thunderclap of sound truncated his sentence. His words were drowned in a deafening roar. The floor shook. A flash of blue sheeted out through the landing banisters above. Something smashed, splintering, through the banisters, and hurtling murderously through the air, thudded into the parquet floor of the hall —a radiator.

Then there was silence—silence but for the singing in their ears, the tapping of plaster as it fell, flaking, from the ceiling.

Philip was at Lois's side, his hair whitened with plaster dust, his arm firm around her. Her voice sounded still and small in that tense stillness.

"The bomb must have been timed by the action of acid on a taut wire," she said. "I've read about them. If it had been clockwork, someone would have heard it ticking —because it must have been on the landing. It must have been pushed between the radiator and the wall of Mr. N.'s suite, which it has certainly wrecked, inside Celia's shoulder-satchel."

She laughed, a little shakily.

"It's just like a code," she said, "fatal to take anything for granted. We were thinking in terms of leakages, of something being taken *out* of the Embassy. We nearly overlooked the chance that, for Mr. N.'s benefit, Nicole might have been trying to bring something *in*!"

END

Professors Of Foresight

(*Continued from page* 29)

to conversation, nor when alone, to reflection." We who have experienced the arrival of such "mechanical contrivances" and background listening may smile bitterly at the optimism of the prophet who thought they would have "a soothing and elevating effect upon the formation of character and the habits of thought." This writer was evidently musical, and his supermen had trained choirs of birds to sing in harmony. No doubt the future will show him to have been as far-seeing in this as in other matters.

In Lord Lytton's Utopia, everyone is able to fly individually with the aid of detachable wings charged with "vril." Sixty years later, Professor H. J. Muller wrote that, "if our physicists succeed in unlocking the atom nucleus at will and economically . . . not only would individual flight in air without unwieldy mechanisms then become universal, but propulsion through vacant space by means of rocket action would become relatively simple."

TO-DAY it would be difficult to make a forecast that could be called far-fetched, whether it assumed progress or retrogression. Mr. Evelyn Waugh has sketched a vivid picture of twenty-fifth century London, should mankind take the wrong turning:

"Rip climbed to a grass mound at the corner of the Haymarket . . . great flats of mud, submerged at high water, stretched to his feet over the Strand, and at the margin of mud and sedge was a cluster of huts built on poles. . . . A day of excitement in the village; the arrival of a large, mechanically-propelled boat; a crew of smart negroes, all wearing uniforms of leather and fur, although it was high summer. . . ."

If, however, we wisely follow the example of the "coming race" and use "vril" for constructive purposes, Professor H. J. Muller outlines a perfectly realizable future which will be tantalizing or repellent, according to the reader's temperament. Being a Marxist, Professor Muller is in no doubt that his prognostications will be realized. Within this century, he thinks we may visit other planets, and "in the star-bespattered abysses of the cosmos there must surely dwell a myriad exotic forms of sapient beings, more or less analogous, yet more or less incommensurable, with ourselves."

The "psycho-physical science" of our descendants, by its knowledge of brain-structure, will make possible the control of human behaviour and character. The development of the embryo outside the mother's body would make possible the selective breeding, or even the multiplication, of those of superior heredity. In his fantasy of the future, Aldous Huxley calls such multiplication a "Bokanovsky group." Many women, says Professor Muller, would be proud to bear children sired (artificially) by outstanding men. Thus, "in the course of a paltry century or two," the majority of the population could acquire the innate ability of the most brilliant men "or even possess their varied faculties combined."

Long term forecasts make easy reading, and the prophet of the inspired guess is a fascinating person. But there are more practical prophets who have both feet on the ground as they look over the wall. (*Continued on page* 62)

This world-famed Sherry (formerly called Findlater's Fino) could not be registered under that name and thereby protected from imitators. For the safeguarding therefore of our world-wide clientele we have renamed it — Findlater's Dry Fly Sherry.

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Professors Of Foresight

One such is Mr. Colin Clark, Director of the Queensland Bureau of Industry, who in 1941 published his *Economics of 1960*. His predictions are based on the fact that "the general rate of economic growth is slow, steady, and therefore predictable."

He finds that recent economic history is divisable into "capital-hungry" and "capital-sated" periods. A "capital-sated" period began in 1930, but war intervened. This phase should otherwise have lasted until 1955, but the war shortened it by perhaps ten years. "This indicates that the capital-hungry period would begin about 1945, or in effect, at the conclusion of the present war."

Mr. Clark foretold a post-war boom, which governments would do more or less to control, followed by a severe and prolonged depression. After that, he gets optimistic :

"But what we can be fairly sure of is that it will be the last of its kind." Subsequent depressions will be short, and will not involve much unemployment. Capital-hunger will carry world economy forward—until the next capital-sated period.

Another prophet with both feet on the ground is Liddell Hart, who has asked the question, "Why Don't We Learn From History?" If we did, we would know that (a) the allies of one war become the enemies of the next; (b) that honesty is the policy which has paid best in diplomacy; (c) that "a light to guide is better than a whip to drive." Compulsion leads to evasion, and evasion to corruption.

Liddell Hart's conclusion is a heartening one for nations which still keep stumbling along the democratic road, free to criticize and to change their minds. The history of dictatorships is not encouraging—not for dictators. For the only men fit to rule, as Plato saw, are those who have mastered the desire to exercise power. The corruption of France which was revealed in 1940 is traced by the author to the perversion of the democracy of the French Revolution into the subsequent despotic forms of government.

Space ships and supermen will come eventually. Even if savages do prowl once more over the grass in Piccadilly, other races will carry on.

But that slump in 1949—is there anything to be done about it? Foresight pays. If there is anyone who foresaw the various shortages that afflict us now and laid in a stock of carpets or whatnot while the buying was good, he knows how it pays. Probably riding the high wire on a bicycle also pays. But that's easier.

END

Land Of Surprises—Sweden

(*Continued from page 20*)

Premier, Per Albin Hansson who died last year. Since his death there has been, and there still is, a certain pressure to obtain nationalisation on a large scale, but this seems to be resisted. It is for this reason Sweden offers an interesting study in political development.

Sweden has been getting along well with some of her industries jointly owned by the State, or municipalities, and by private enterprise. In a country like Sweden where there are but three cities with more than 100,000 population, it is evident that, as an Englishman in Stockholm pointed out to me : "Sweden's successful Socialism is not necessarily an article for exportation," but I am so very favourably impressed by the logic and practicability of the Swedes that I most certainly do like their approach to new ideas. Their question is : "Does it work, does it tick over?" If it does, then it is all right.

Take the matter of drinking in Sweden. If you are twenty-one and have an elector's card you have the right to purchase one litre of liquor a week, which means you have a personal licence, like a motorist's licence. If you can satisfy the authorities that your financial situation warrants it, you may purchase two litres, and if you have a still higher earning capacity, you may go the limit and purchase three litres. A Swede's drinking licence is liable to endorsement, suspension and maybe cancellation, if he "outruns the constable." We may think that in such a democracy as Sweden such drinking laws tend to favour the rich; perhaps they do, but once again the acid test is applied; it works.

Perhaps the best way to see Stockholm, to get the hang of things, is to take a motor boat through the picturesque waterways. Then you will find that the city is neatly dissected; private homes on the North side, factories and workshops on the South side. You will notice, too, the new types of workers' dwellings, the so-called "Starr houses," built so that there shall be privacy, that no flat dweller is overlooked by his neighbour. Then you realize the futility of man, for the "Starr houses" are ugly blocks of barrack-like apartment houses, whereas those which are being superseded are delightful detached buildings, with lovely views of water and forest-covered hills, each flat with its individual balcony and sun parlour.

Meat, bread and fats are rationed and as rigidly rationed as in Britain, not only in shops and homes, but also in restaurants and hotels. I could not obtain my breakfast without first surrendering bread and butter coupons to the chambermaid. Lamb and reindeer are not rationed when their meat is offered you in a restaurant, and it was in Sweden that I found the only black market in the world which sells something cheaper than the controlled price. I refer to meat, when the butchers sell cheaper unrationed than rationed because there is so much meat.

From what sources does Sweden draw her income? Well, from income tax, spirit, wine, beer and tobacco tax; an import tax on food. Then there is income derived from the post, telegraph and telephones; from the nationalised railways and from the nationalised forests and waterfalls; also from taxes levied on petrol and motor cars and lastly but by no means least, a not inconsiderable revenue from the State lottery and from the *nationalised* football pools. When a Swede bets on a British football match, the money goes to the State.

The U.S.A. sells more goods to Sweden than we do, two and a half times more, but Sweden sells to Britain more than three times what she sells to the U.S.A. Does this make Britain more popular? No, I do not think it does. The Swedes ask British people : "What is the matter with Britain; why do you keep licking your wounds; why are you so proud of being miserable?"

And yet, believe me, the Swedes have their own headaches. All summer long the Swedes were asking one another : "How are we going to get heat this winter?" Britain and other countries have their coal problems; Sweden has her wood problem. There are untold millions of trees in Sweden, but the fellers of trees have been and are deserting the forests to flock into the few cities Sweden possesses. Nobody wants to fell trees in Sweden any more. Nobody wants to work in the dairies and on the land. Nobody wants to mine the iron ore. The miners, the woodchoppers, the dairymaids, the farm-hands all say in effect : "Me for the factory." They claim that the work is not so hard and the pay is better. One of the first consequences of this flight from the land was that the Swedish cities had housing problems just like London, Paris and Berlin, although the Swedish cities never heard a bomb or knew a blitz, except on the silver screen.

In order to cope with the flight from the land the Government is studying the possibility of collective farming, to be called "Association Farms," in which each farmer will maintain his own sturdy independence.

Oh yes, Sweden is a country of ideas, good, too, most of them, so I believe. I particularly like the Swedes' approach to a new idea. If it works, ticks over, then it is all right.

END

November

November is the month when preparations for Christmas are made and many thousands of manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers are then working to capacity. Christmas stocks are being produced and delivered, a great nation of shopkeepers is preparing to put goods into its shop windows, and bankers make ready to meet heavy seasonal demands upon their services. Whichever side of the counter will be your concern during the Christmas shopping season, you can depend upon assistance from the Midland Bank, whose wide commercial experience is available at more than 1900 branches throughout England and Wales.

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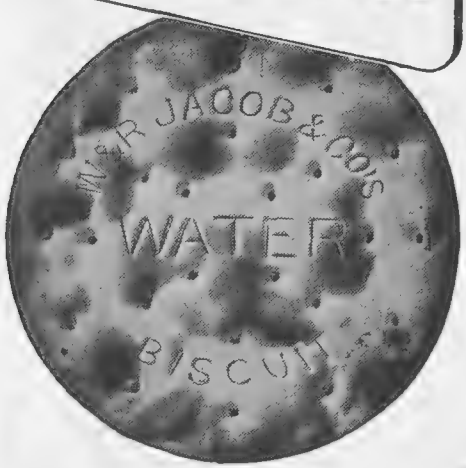

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In The Bag

(*Continued from page* 19)

the numbers. Twenty-seven was at the end. I inserted the key and went inside and locked the door. I switched on the lights and went over to the long windows. Outside, a few feet below the sill the flat roof of the hotel garage terminated in a service yard. From there, a short drive ran under an archway into a side street. I was fortunate. I didn't want to risk someone recognizing Barbara's case, and I considered the back entrance would save me that inconvenience.

I closed the windows and opened the baggage cupboard in the wall of the dressing-room. A normal sized feminine travelling bag in green leather lay on the shelf in solitude. I took it out and stood it on a chair and tried the locks. There was nothing doing. I smiled and took out a bunch of keys.

When the taxi eventually dropped me at Euston I had ten minutes to spare. So I killed the time standing in the shadows smoking a cigarette. On the hour I walked into the booking hall complete with bag. At the same time she came in from the direction of the ladies' room, and took my arm.

"I don't know how to thank you," she beamed. "I think you've been wonderful."

I handed the case over. It wasn't heavy.

"It was simple. I didn't see a soul. There'd been one or two inquiries for you. But it looks as though you've given your trackers the slip."

"I'm not so sure," she whispered. "I've been in the ladies' room most of the time since I arrived because I thought someone was stalking me. I won't feel safe until I'm on the train."

"That's easy. The train's in. I'll get a platform ticket." And all the time I was talking I was watching out of the corner of my eye the figure of a hefty looking man leaning against the telephone booth. He seemed to be taking undue interest in our movements. I got a ticket out of the machine, and we dawdled along the barriers. I noticed that the stranger followed us. We stopped suddenly and Barbara looked over her shoulder.

"That's the man!" she said hoarsely.

I smiled.

"He's quite harmless. It's only Sergeant Reed from Scotland Yard."

"Do you know him, Riki?"

"Slightly. But we don't get on very well for some reason." I turned to the detective as he came up with us. "Do we?" I asked him.

"Do we what?" he spoke sharply. And then he recognized me. "Hallo, Straight, I didn't expect to see you."

"I could make the same observation," I said. "How far are you going?"

"No farther than here, I hope. I'm looking for a Miss Barbara Lloyd."

"Well, you do surprise me. I thought married men went straight home. As it happens, it's a most pleasant coincidence because this is Miss Lloyd."

"That's what I thought," he said brusquely. "But it isn't coincidence. Is the lady a friend of yours?"

"A very old friend whom I haven't seen for years. We met accidentally tonight."

"Then you won't be acquainted with her recent history." He turned his attention on Barbara and his manner was firm. "Miss Barbara Lloyd?" he asked formally.

"Yes," she said quietly.

"I'm Detective-Sergeant Reed" — he flashed his credentials—"and I should like you to come with me and answer a few questions."

As soon as I saw him I guessed his angle and I knew that I'd have to play my part.

We moved across towards the station master's office. I sensed what was coming, and as we walked into the small bare room adjoining the office, I dropped my bunched up newspaper into a litter receptacle. As I took up the rear of the party my action wasn't witnessed.

Once inside, Reed became officious and got down to business.

"Now," he began, addressing Barbara, "You are Mrs. van Luckner? You are not living with your husband but you are travelling to Scotland—is that correct?"

"Partly," she assented quietly. "My husband and I are now reconciled. That's why I'm going to Scotland."

"You have been living in London for some weeks and have been seen with undesirable characters who are known to the police as habitual criminals. From information we have received and from our own observations, and in view of what took place last night at Lady Rosedale's house in St. John's Wood, we consider that you have been acting in a highly suspicious manner during the past twenty-four hours." He paused, and looked down at the travelling bag.

I sat on the edge of the table and lit a cigarette.

"What are you trying to pin on the girl?"

He turned to me solemnly.

"Last night," he said slowly, "Lady Rosedale lost a ten thousand pound diamond necklace. It was stolen."

"You're not suggesting that this girl is the thief?"

"Not exactly," he insinuated. "But our information leads us to believe that she might be implicated."

"In what way?"

"It looked like a Mikilhoff haul. She was seen in his company at the Silver Domino and we've taken him in charge for questioning. We preferred just to keep an eye on the girl. We followed her here, and then you met her complete with her luggage. Perhaps you've got something to say?"

"I certainly have," I said, pretending annoyance. "Some years ago Miss Lloyd became my client. We hadn't met since then but we corresponded at intervals. Tonight I ran into her in the Silver Domino by chance and she asked for my assistance again. She admitted that she had been keeping bad company; that she had been indiscreet and was now being threatened with blackmail. She anxiously desired to go home to her husband but daren't go back to her hotel because one of the gang was hanging around."

I paused, and Reed smiled sardonically.

"One of the gang, as you inaptly put it, happened to be a policeman."

"Perhaps, but Miss Lloyd didn't know that. She asked me what she should do. I told her to do nothing. I went to the hotel myself settled her account and collected her luggage, and arranged to meet her at the station because I knew she wanted to catch the train to-night."

"That isn't surprising if she has the diamonds," he smiled again.

I looked at Barbara and saw her face turn pale, but her voice was under control.

"That's a preposterous accusation, Miss Lloyd is a wealthy woman," I went on, "she has her own diamonds."

"Then what were you doing with Mikilhoff?" he demanded, staring at her.

"That's easily explained," she said unemotionally. "One sets a crook to catch a crook. I met Mikilhoff a few days ago at a party. I didn't go into his business affairs, but I knew he didn't get his money the hard way. When I ran into my little trouble he offered to help me. He was most generous. He arranged to meet me at the Domino to-night because he had something to tell me. That was all."

"And what did he tell you?"

"That he'd arranged that I shouldn't be worried any more."

"That was nice of him, and Mikilhoff isn't a man who'd be nice without good reason."

I knew that he knew that Barbara had lied. The apparent plausibility of our story had him nettled but there was little he could do about it without proof. He proposed to get this with his last card.

He picked up her case.

"Everything being (*Continued on page* 66)

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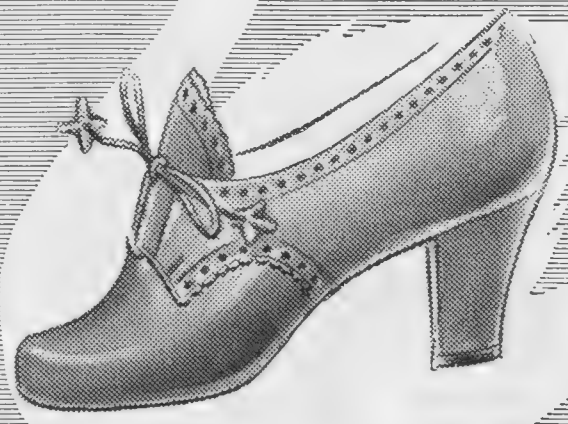

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in order then, Miss Lloyd, you won't object to my glancing through this?" He tapped the leather with his fingers.

She went a shade paler and hesitated. I spoke instead.

"This is highly irregular, George."

"She can have it this way and catch her train or you can both come down to headquarters."

I nodded to her.

"Give him the keys, Barbara, you haven't much time."

She obeyed mechanically.

As the detective went carefully through the feminine apparel I studied her. Her gaze followed hard on his searching fingers and at the same time she tried to appear unconcerned. But she couldn't hide the look of astonishment that gradually increased as Reed completed his search, and found nothing. She looked at me significantly and then back to the detective.

"Are you quite satisfied?" she asked coldly.

"Unbutton your coat," he commanded harshly.

She did so and he felt the lining and delved into the pockets. She was confident now.

"All right," he growled. He came over to me and I opened my raincoat and jacket. I held up my arms.

"Go ahead and run over me. I know you're not satisfied, George."

He did so, but quickly.

"All right," he growled again. "You'd better get going. I've got your address and I warn you that we shall probably want you again." He was looking at Barbara.

"You'll find me quite willing," she said stiffly.

Reed pulled his hat down and moved to the door. I helped Barbara to straighten the things in her case.

"So long, George," I said.

She took out the small notecase before locking the bag and we went outside. As we passed the litter basket I retrieved my paper and stuffed it in my pocket.

We walked down the platform.

In The Bag

"I don't know what to say," she said.

"It isn't necessary to say anything," I said. I helped her into the train and stood by the door.

She suddenly clutched my shoulder.

"What did you do with it?" she asked.

"With what?"

"With the necklace, of course," she said impatiently.

"Oh, I dropped it in the litter basket."

"What?" she gasped.

"Why don't you go home and be a good girl? There's no need to worry about it any more. I'll take care of things this end."

"What are you going to do?"

"What do you think? I'm going to return it to the owner. According to the agony column in to-night's paper one thousand is offered for information leading to its return. That'll cover my expenses."

I thought she was going to have hysterics.

"Why—you—you—dirty double-crosser—if I had a gun——" she hissed at me, and I was thankful she hadn't. "I thought you were a friend and could be trusted. You're nothing but an—interfering—two-timing—crook."

"Listen to me, Peaches," I said roughly. "You thought I was a sucker. You wanted to make a stool-pigeon out of me and leave yourself and Mikilhoff sitting pretty. It was too hot for either of you to show up at the Seton, so I went. But I wasn't pigeon enough not to know what I was going for. You were going to hop off up the line and meet Mikilhoff. I know. But things didn't work out. If I hadn't steered you past the police you'd have been on your way to the jail house now. Let this be a lesson to you. Go home, Peaches, and stay there." I pushed her back into the corridor and stepped off the train as it began to move.

"Don't you think I'm wonderful?" I said, but she didn't hear me.

END

Royal Wedding Romance (*Continued from page 15*)

third floor of 145 Piccadilly a small girl shakes her burnished mop of hair, calls "Yorki!" and the brown low Corgi comes running. Morning lessons over, there's time to play with baby Margaret and the next-door Allendale children before lunch. Mamma and papa are lunching at home and will join them for awhile. Uncle David is in town—across the Green Park you can see his standard flying over the palace—and they're having tea with him this afternoon. . . .

The Piccadilly house is a blitzed ruin now, Uncle David has long since left the Palace, which mamma and papa now tenant as King and Queen, and the girl who romped with the Corgi is readying now for her own marriage.

She's had a happy life because her parents were lucky in love. They first met as children at a party at Lady Leicester's. She was six, he was ten. They reminded one another of that when they met again at a ball at her sister's, Lady Elphinstone's, in 1919.

"You were eating an iced cake."

"*Gobbling* it!"

They began to see a good deal of one another, the dark-haired blue-eyed Strathmore girl, a youngest daughter but distinguished by a remarkable social flair acquired perhaps through acting as her mother's aide from her sixteenth year, and King George's second son, Albert Duke of York,

He was in love with her. She neither encouraged nor discouraged him during the three years that he was, as he put it to an intimate, "weaving about." She wasn't sure herself whether she could give up her private-citizen status and become a public personage, subject to the cares and interminable duties which beset contemporary Royalty.

The year 1922 was fading when the Strathmores planned a house party at their English seat, and Lady Elizabeth sent the Duke an invitation to join them at St. Paul's Waldenbury. It was then he determined to bring matters to a head. He spoke to a family friend, who advised him to "carry the fort by storm, or go down with flag flying."

He arrived on Saturday, January 13, 1923, and next morning he and Lady Elizabeth side-stepped the rest of the party, and church, and walked across the garden to the wood where as a child Lady Elizabeth had dreamed her long dreams, while her two ring-doves cooed overhead. There, the King's son said what was in his heart, and got his answer in a murmur, a slow nod, a long kiss.

Next afternoon he got off the train at Sandringham, and came on the family at their tea. His father gave one look at his son's broadly smiling face, and said: "Well, I see she accepted!" Lady Elizabeth's report to a friend was: "I feel very happy, but quite dazed."

END

In Search Of Glamour (*Continued from page 40*)

8. Now is the moment for your eyelash cosmetic. Apply to the upper lashes only, and if possible, use an eyelash cosmetic with an oily base. Max Factor has one of these which is waterproof and does not smart or run. It comes in brown or black. There is a theory that if you keep your mouth open while you apply your eyelash cosmetic, you will not get the cosmetic into your eyes.

9. Apply your lipstick first to the upper lip, then to the lower lip. Press both lips together and blot with cleansing tissue.

10. Some women like to finish off with a dusting of powder rouge.

END

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OINTMENT

Books

(*Continued from page 41*)

Van Goens and low-born, ambitious Evert Haan gives colour and drama to a tale which would be more convincingly "period" if the dialogue were not so modern, even to the ripe epithets.

THE Mississippi Valley, when George Rogers Clark marched a French Revolutionary army into it in 1794, to wrest it from the new United States, is the background of Mr. Dale Van Every's **"Westward the River"** (Jarrolds, 10s. 6d.), with society girl Sarah Kingsley as heroine caught up in the conflict.

CALIFORNIA and 'Frisco in the '49 Gold Rush fix the theme of Alexandre Dumas's **"A Gil Blas in California"** (Hammond, 8s. 6d.), based on the journal of a French gold-digger and now translated complete by Miss Marguerite Wilbur.

Akin in spirit is Mr. Trevor Henley's **"Let's Find Adventure"** (Venturebooks, Bath, 8s. 6d.) called "a book for boys." He carries his reader with him so impetuously, on famous world-wide quests and hazards, that I can only say : let me be one of the boys ! A sure present for any stripling up to ninety ; a treat for youngsters if they can keep oldsters off it. . . .

HERE is a list of books which will repay the attention of readers :

NOVELS

In **"The Devil Among the Tailors"** (Macdonald, 9s. 6d.) Rearden Conner has made a grimly magnificent study of repression and frustration in a setting of conventional suburbia. The character of Thomas Carracombe, a dissatisfied middle-aged business man is drawn with power and insight.

"Return Again," by Ann Sholto (Hurst & Blackett, 9s. 6d.), is a warmly human novel about an English major who finds himself posted to a small village in Scotland. The arrival of his lovely wife, Penelope, touches with glamour and changes the life of nearly everyone in the village.

"Sons of Solomon," by C. Lestock Reid (Temple, 6s.) ; **"Royal Spectre,"** by John Fitzgay (Rich & Cowan, 9s. 6d.) ; **"Little World,"** by Eric Leyland (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.) ; **"A Fine and Private Place,"** by Mary Fitt (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.) ; **"Gesture by Jonathan,"** by Noel Perard Ash (Rich & Cowan, 9s. 6d.) ; **"The Cygnets,"** by Prudence O'Shea and Meg Sheridan (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.) ; **"Me and Penelope Ann,"** by Philip Neville (Macdonald, 7s. 6d.) ; **"Minnocks,"** by Carolyn Hare (Andrew Melrose, 9s. 6d.) ; **"Temperamental Journey,"** by Pelham Groom (Jarrolds, 9s. 6d.) ; **"The Fragrance Lingers,"** by E. W. Savi (Hurst & Blackett, 9s. 6d.).

"The Jade Venus," by George Harmon Coxe (Hammond & Hammond, 8s. 6d.); **"The Admiralty Murders,"** by Michael Adam (Sentinel Publications, 9s. 6d.) ; **"Too Dusty to Die,"** by W. H. Roden (Hammond & Hammond, 8s. 6d.) ; **"Swan Song,"** by Edmund Crispin (Gollancz, 8s. 6d.).

MISCELLANEOUS

The first English edition of Mary Petty's inimitable drawings is published by Paul Elek under the title **"This Petty Pace"** (18s.). Mary Petty has been described as the "selfmade grande dame of satire," and the devastating absurdity of her characters are already well known to readers of the "New Yorker."

END

The Pennine Caves

(*Continued from page 25*)

Bull Pot of the Witches is a pot-hole near Barbon once considered to be the trysting place of two horrible witches. Yordas Cave, at the head of Kingsdale, was the retreat of a giant, and—by way of contrast—not far away there is Rumbling Hole, which emits such curious sounds that it was formerly known as the Fairies' Workshop.

Not until comparatively recent times was cave-exploration even thought of. Gradually, however, superstitious fears were overcome and the vast underworld of Britain's three great cave areas—west Yorkshire, Derbyshire, and Somerset—began to disclose almost unbelievable wonders to a few intrepid seekers.

Gaping Ghyll, one of Britain's largest pot-holes was first descended in 1895 by Martel, a French speleologist. The larger section of Clapham Cave, nearby, was opened out by Josiah Harrison in 1837. Victoria Cave, situated in the Attermire Cliffs, above Settle, owes its name to having been discovered on Queen Victoria's Coronation Day (1838), since when it has yielded some of the most interesting and valuable relics in the history of cave exploration.

Indeed, the caves, as distinct from pot-holes which descend vertically, have proved far more profitable, archaeologically. The reason is simple. By their very nature, pot-holes could hardly be inhabited by man or beast. Caves, which penetrate mountain or hillside more or less horizontally, might be damp, draughty, verminous, but they were often used as places of refuge, sometimes as homes, as archaeological discoveries have repeatedly shown.

There are several cave exploration clubs in Craven, as in the other limestone areas of Britain. One bears the curious name, Pig Yard Club, referring to the members' original meetings being held in a pig yard in Upper Settle, not far from their present premises. The range of their explorations is extensive. It covers the famous Giggleswick Scar which is riddled with caves (many of them—Kelco, Viper's, Staircase, etc.—were once used as storage places for stolen wool), to the magnificent limestone country around Malham and beyond. Many of the caves "on their beat" have been known for some time. A few are found by accident. The existence of others is deduced from local features.

Some years ago a famous Yorkshireman suggested that the vast labyrinthine caverns that must exist behind the towering rock-ampitheatre of Malham Cove (286 feet high) should be opened out and explored. But the scheme came to naught. Dalesfolk do not like to have such glorious "showplaces" as Malham Cove interfered with, even when there is a prospect of fresh wonders, and tales long held secret, being revealed.

But the "older" caves and pot-holes are still making history. Not only are new chambers or galleries constantly being found in some of them, but new and thrilling episodes are still being enacted there. Not long ago, for example, in the great main chamber of Gaping Ghyll which is large enough to accommodate York Minster, twenty-four members of the West Riding branch of the English Folk Dance and Song Society gave a performance of a traditional sword dance to the accompaniment—eerie in such surroundings—of a melodeon. Illumination was provided by acetylene burners and the scintillating head-lamps of the assembled cave explorers. An impressive sight, this, that would have appealed to Peer Gynt himself nurtured as he was among the mountain trolls of Norway with their wild dances.

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